

How To Customise Your Van For The Very Best In Travelling Stereo
STEREO VAN

ROCK WIVES PART 2

K48243

CIRCUS

THE LEADING ROCK & ROLL BI-WEEKLY

ISSUE NUMBER 160 JULY 21, 1977 UK 45p \$1.00

BLACK-MORE

Exclusive Rainbow Interviews: Rare Moments With Ritchie Blackmore, Cozy Powell And Ronnie Dio

HEART

The Wilson Sisters Unwind—'Little Queen' Is The LP That Conquers Hard Rock In Style

10cc

"We Had To Carry On As 10cc" Gouldman And Stewart Straighten Out The 'Deceptive Bends'

OUTLAWS

'Hurry Sundown' Is The Crucial New LP—Can Eagles' Producer Bill Szymczyk Take The Outlaws To The Limit?

PYRAMID POWER

Balin Uses It, Todd Uses It—The Latest High Energy Fad And How It Works—Plus, Experiments You Can Do At Home



SISSY SPACEK

SISSY SPACEK

Hollywood's Daring Young Star of 'Carrie' And 'Three Women' And The Image She Had To Fight

HOR-SHACK

"I'm A Loser No Longer" 'Welcome Back, Kotter's Ron Palillo Talks About His Own High School Days—On And Off The Air

SAT. NIGHT LIVE

Summer Plans! Where You'll Find John Belushi, Gilda Radner, Dan Aykroyd, Bill Murray And More

DIVORCE

How To Deal With Divorcing Parents—One Teen's Advice On Coping With The Trauma

BIGTOP

Clown, Aerialist And Lion Tamer—Three Young Performers Travel A Different Course



STEVE MILLER

He's the Gangster Of Love and The Joker and he Flies Like An Eagle.

Now he's written a

BOOK OF DREAMS



Includes Steve's Hit Single,
"Jet Airliner"

Produced by Steve Miller for Sailor Productions



Eighteen shades of basic black.



Yamaha guitar amps. One functional color available in 18 different models for every conceivable application. From rock to jazz to country. On stage, at the studio, or on the road. Gig after gig, there isn't a better sounding, more durable line of amps on the market.

They sound warm, like a tube amp. But their performance and reliability is what you'd expect from a transistor amp, thanks to solid-state FET technology.

At Yamaha, we're still the only ones who make our own circuitry, and our experience in modular electronics is unparalleled.

The same do-it-yourself philosophy applies to our speakers. Their heavyweight

magnet assembly, tight voice coil gap and die-cast baskets offer more cone control. And each cone is especially designed and matched for its specific use in various amp configurations. The result: higher power handling capability, more efficiency, and tighter sound.

Yamaha guitar amps are available in 50- to 100-watt models. Speaker sizes range from 10 to 15 inches. All offer wide frequency response to make your guitar or bass sound its best. See your Yamaha dealer about the 18 different models you can get in any color you want. As long as it's basic black.



YAMAHA

P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622

BANG!

KISS LOVE GUN



Casablanca
Record and Film Works

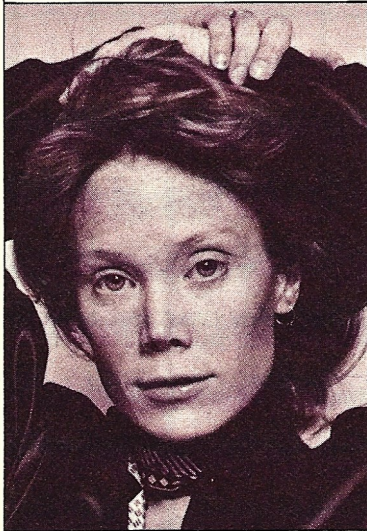
PRODUCED BY EDDIE KRAMER AND KISS

rock
steady
PRODUCTION INC.

CONTENTS

ISSUE NUMBER 160 JULY 21, 1977

COVER STORY



- 23 Sissy Spacek**
Who's 27, a former country singer and currently making a film with Art Garfunkel? Surprising Sissy, Hollywood's hottest young actress—(Larry Gordon)

FEATURES

- 20 Big Top Tales**
When you work for Ringling Brothers Circus, your life is . . . different. Three young performers talk about their unique jobs—(Greg Wustefeld)
- 26 Blackmore**
From a French chateau, Ritchie gives an exclusive interview on Rainbow's first live double LP, 'On Stage.'—(Jim Farber)
- 31 Heart**
The Wilson sisters with some straight talk on Heart's 'Little Queen'; Plus a free color poster—(Toby Goldstein)

- 35 10cc**
The things they did for love! 10cc lays down the law on the making of 'Deceptive Bends'—(Kris Nicholson)
- 38 Rock Wives II**
More insightful interviews into the lives of superstar spouses Elissa Perry, Lori Whitford and Bebe Rundgren—(Liz Derringer)
- 42 Outlaws**
Can Eagles' producer Bill Szymczyk reform the Southern Rednecks? 'Hurry Sundown,' their new LP, has the Outlaws excited—(Andy Edelstein)
- 44 Stereo Vans**
How you can equip your van with a super stereo sound—(Gary Graifman)
- 47 Divorce**
How do you deal with your parents getting divorced? A teenage girl shares her hard-earned wisdom—(Allison White)
- 50 Horshack**
Arnold Horshack, Superstar? Ron Palillo on his possible Kotter spin-off show and why he's been banned from Disneyland—(Salley Rayl)

- 53 Pyramid Power**
A new fad sweeps America. Will it sharpen your razor blades or dull your mind?—(Steven Gaines)

DEPARTMENTS

- 6 Upstarts**
Steven Dees' release from Hall & Oates, and Brownsville Station's resurgence
- 9 Hardware**
A few well-chosen words on guitar pickups: uses, types and problems—(Gary Graifman)

- 11 Letters**
Epistles on Buxton resurrected, Circus spacing out and gays coming out

- 12 Front Pages**
Fleetwood's triumphant English return, Procol Harum's 10th anniversary, Bad Company's burnin' tour and a Saturday Night Live! report



- 54 Into Your Head**
Advice on a lost lover, a bad reputation and a bisexual's body dilemma—(Dr. Vincent Bryan)
- 57 Longplayers**
Reviewer's choice: Alice's 'Lace and Whiskey,' seven views of the Beatles' 'Hollywood Bowl'
- 62 Top 20/Concerts**
The battle heats up between Kiss, Queen and rising Angel; the road looks crowded with Nugent, Zep, ELP

Cover photography by Lynn Goldsmith

CIRCUS is published bi-weekly by Circus Enterprises Corporation, 747 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017, 212-832-1626. Return postage must accompany all unsolicited manuscripts, drawings and photographs. Entire contents Copyright © 1977 by Circus Enterprises Corporation. All rights reserved. Reproduction or use without permission of editorial or pictorial matter in any form is prohibited. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates \$12.00 for 26 issues. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. POSTMASTER: PLEASE SEND FORM 3579 TO CIRCUS MAGAZINE, P.O. BOX 265, MT. MORRIS, ILL. 61054.



UP

STARTS

Brownsville's Smokin' In The Studios



The boys from Ann Arbor get Brownsville Station back on the track.

by Ellen Mandel

There's a one-hit hex hanging over bands based in Ann Arbor. It afflicts local luminaries who've managed to make their first foray onto the national singles charts, striking them when they try to find a follow-up, often lasting years before they recover—if ever. Just ask Bob "Heavy Music" Seger or Ted "Journey To The Center Of Your Mind" Nugent, who survived the hex but still bear the scars, or any of the many Michigan rockers who never re-emerged from their post one-shot obscurity.

Or take another case in point, Brownsville Station, a raucous, punkish trio who briefly graduated from Ann Arbor eminence to the major leagues back in 1974 when their anthem to high school hell-raising, "Smokin' In The Boys' Room," smoked up the charts. As it turned out, their dreams went up in smoke even faster. Shortly after "Smokin' " was certified a smash, their record label, a small Midwest outfit called Big Tree, changed distributors. Brownsville was somehow lost in

the shuffle. The mysterious Michigan malediction had struck again.

But Brownsville decided to stick it out. They returned to pre-"Smokin' " diets of baloney and peanut butter, funneled whatever dollars they had left into building their own private rehearsal hall/demo studio, wrote reams of new material and even added a fourth member to their band. Their perseverance has finally paid off. Recently they signed a new recording deal and cut their first album in nearly three years, entitled *Brownsville Station*. A single from the album, "Lady (Put The Light On Me)," is now hovering within reach of the Hot 100. And Brownsville may be on the verge of breaking the hex once and for all.

Brownsville Station came into being circa 1968 when Ann Arbor rock entrepreneur Al Nalli introduced the leaders of two rival local bands—Mike Lutz, lead singer of the pop-ish Talisman, and Cub Koda, harp player with the blues-oriented Koda Corporation—and talked them into joining forces. Lutz is a sun-tanned, strikingly good-looking All American

type given to jogging around the track when not playing music. Koda, on the other hand, sports a pallid, unearthly moon-tan; the knowledgeable blues musicologist is a spacey night creature who peers at the world from behind thick horn-rimmed glasses. At first Lutz and Koda felt at cross purposes. In fact they actually hated each other. But Nalli kept on their case and eventually the odd couple found a musical meeting point: they both got off playing the bold, bottom-heavy rock that Great Lakes State is famous

Koda and Lutz each grabbed a guitar, signed on a drummer (Henry "H-Bomb" Weck) and a bassplayer (Tony Driggins), and boarded the express to fame and fortune—they thought.

Three years later, after cutting two inconsequential albums (one for Warner Brothers, one for Big Tree), Driggins quit and Brownsville carried on as a threesome. Their third album, "Let Your Yeah Be Yeah" (which included "Smokin' In The Boys' Room") gave them their short fling with success, but their next two LPs fell by the wayside. Last year, tired of floundering as a trio, they added noted Motor City R&B session player Bruce "Beezer" Nazarian to their line-up, thus returning to their original, pumping, four-man construction. Suddenly Brownsville Station was back on the right track.

One night not too long after the addition of Beezer, Brownsville's attorney was having dinner with Private Stock President Larry Uttal (who'd formerly headed up the label that distributed Big Tree) and turned the powerful record exec on to a demo tape Brownsville had cut in their private studio.

"Larry remembered working with us and he liked us," recalls manager Nalli.

Uttal signed the band, got them together with producer Eddie Kramer (Kiss, Angel, April Wine) and packed them (and the Record Plant mobile unit) off to the 150 acre Billy Rose estate in upstate New York, where they cut 'Brownsville Station.' The Rose mansion, with its vaulted, echo-producing chapels, arched portals, endless stone corridors and quirky nooks and crannies afforded the band a whole spectrum of potential sounds to play with and was particularly suited to their rough, punching style, which combines hard-hitting harmonies reminiscent of Grand Funk, instrumental cockiness a la the legendary MC5, and the calculated madness that is Brownsville Station's trademark.

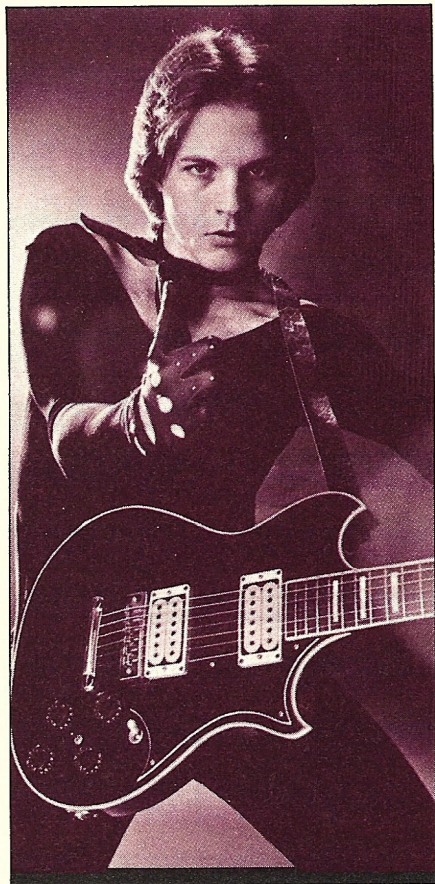
Now Brownsville is back on the road again, reintroducing themselves to audiences across the country and working harder than ever toward that overdue second hit. Will the Ann Arbor hex strike again? They don't want to think about it. Hell, "Smokin' In The Boys' Room" isn't even included in their new set. . .

The Long Road Of Steven Dees

by Toby Goldstein

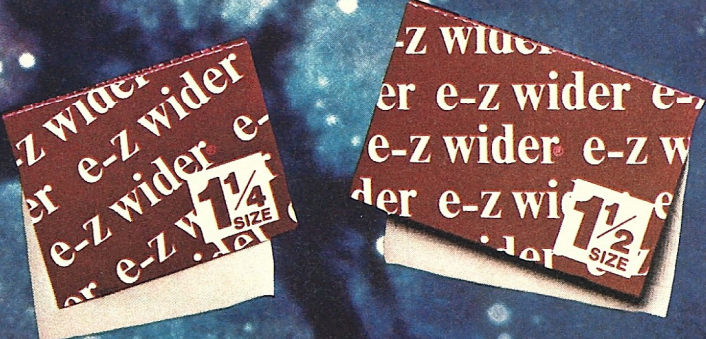
Stephen Dees is not Daryl Hall's wayward younger brother—it just looks that way. The wiry blond-haired singer-writer-lead guitarist-bassist-keyboard player (whew), shares perhaps one visible trait with Hall, producer of Dees' debut album. Both Dees and Hall are feisty, outspoken characters, disarming one by their young-man guises, then vocally pummeling the listener with definitive statements about what they will (and will not) do, on record and in life.

Dees played bass on a lengthy Hall and Oates tour, at which time, the transplanted Philadelphians and the misfit kid from Florida found there was much each could teach the other. "They turned me on to soul and rhythm 'n' blues and stuff, and I know I turned them onto rock 'n' roll, 'cause when I first started meeting with these guys, they weren't high energy at all. They were real laid-back, and I started rocking my ass off and they enjoyed it and started in with me." Hall proved sympathetic enough to Dees' bursting enthusiasm that the two became creative complements—but only to a point.



Steven Dees mixes Jimmy Reed with a hint of friends Hall and Oates.

get off e-z



again & again

The original ROLLING paper brings you two new sizes.
e-z wider 1 1/4 size is halfway between single and double width.
e-z wider 1 1/2 size is one of a kind. Just a bit wider than single width.
Both are made from the same fine quality rice paper
with the perfect amount of glue. So! Get off with e-z wider,
in any size and many flavors. Just ask for e-z wider again & again.

e-z wider any size many flavors

© 1977 Robert Horton Associates, Ltd.

"Daryl gave me a complete free hand," Dees declares, as staunchly as a man can speak when he's been awake for all of five minutes. "I could do anything I wanted, and I did. We really co-produced it together. And I was lucky to have such freedom, because the result is good and I feel happy about it." *HIP SHOT* is not exactly burning up the charts at present but that doesn't seem to bother Dees in the least. It's enough that he's got a piece of wax to show the folks back home, and can get onstage in compact clubs in Cleveland or Columbus to deliver a power-packed 35 minutes and maybe an encore. Dees would do splendidly cast as living representative of the spirit that perpetually sings, "it's only rock 'n' roll and I like it."

Lockhart, Florida is probably a lovely little suburban community near the mid-state city of Orlando. "A hick town in the sticks," Dees corrects flatly. "I've always been a foreigner in my own environment down there. My head was always out of Florida. There was nothin' happening except KC and the Sunshine Band. Rick Finch from the group used to be a cat that watched us play all the time, and when he started making it, I couldn't believe it, because they were amateurs." looking. He knows it, too, and found Let's face facts—the kid is great

out fast exactly what kind of blessing and curse the pounding beat offers its attractive performers. A year with Hall and Oates saw Dees at the top, sought after by numerous camp followers. The exquisite, disturbing "Out-a My Skin" was its result. "I know a lot of guys who feel that way. You can only take so much. You're out there playing and somebody tunes in, and they won't let up. I felt like jumping out of my skin, and then there'll be somebody trying to hit on you. And you can get weak, it's so hard, because your basic instincts come out and it's rock 'n' roll and you get crazy, and finally say, just GO, GET AWAY!" Not quite the "I-wanna-hold-your-hand"-type thoughts that first propelled Dees into the world of electric sound.

Stephen Dees is starting at the beginning, a seasoned player with the useless illusions already punctured. He senses no limits in what his multi-talented musical inclinations can achieve. This time, he went out on the road exclusively playing bass. Next time, it might be with the guitar, or the piano, or out front, wailing and screaming. You might even think that the drive-all-nights and junk for dinner menus appeal to him in a perverse way. Sleaze somehow suits the legends of the game, and Stephen Dees has set out to travel them all, his rule-book tossed in the gutter.

One of the smallest of the species Amplifier Electrica, the Super Twin Amp is found wherever the musical climate is hot and sultry. It is particularly fond of prodding animusicals such as Stratocasterus Fender to project their wildest and most full-throated calls until the very treetops sway.

Highly mobile, the Super Twin travels in bands over far distances with much greater ease than its more cumbersome cousins and, thanks to energy-giving tubes in its chest cavity, cavorts long after others have burned themselves out.



© 1976 CBS Inc.

The Super Twin is a creature of many moods. Sustained melodic cries are often followed by sounds impossible to describe. Even when domesticated, the simple movement of a human foot creates startling effects of harmonic distortion and equalization.

Warning: the Super Twin's boundless energy is highly contagious and is known to cause humans to howl endlessly with delight.

For further reference, see Fender, Authorized dealer.

Pick the live one,

Fender®
CBS Musical Instruments

For full-color poster of this ad, send \$2 to
Fender, Box 3410, Dept. 376, Fullerton, CA 92634.

*The Leather-Lunged,
Multi-Voiced Super Twin™
(Twinipithecus Fender)*

HARDWARE

The Truth About Pickups

by Gary Graifman

There is plenty of competition in the pickup industry. As one spokesman put it, "It seems like everyone whose hobby wasn't basketball in high school has gone on to manufacture pickups." The result is a lot of confusion on the buying public's part, a lot of claims and spec sheet "proof" on the manufacturers' part and a general agreement that the only truth is what you hear with your ears. Many companies now specialize in replacement pickups for guitars, and the obvious query is, why would someone want to replace his original pickups? To this the cynics respond, "Why would someone put customized headers on his Chevy? Replacement pickups are the hot rods of the guitar industry."

The proponents answer, more positively, "Replacement pickups give your guitar a more individual sound." In addition to this, they claim that the pickups on many popular model guitars aren't what they used to be and if you want the sound similar to the one on which the guitar built its reputation, you should use a pickup built to the same specifications as the original. Whatever the case, the trend toward replacement pickups—in particular hot pickups—is swelling beyond fad proportions.

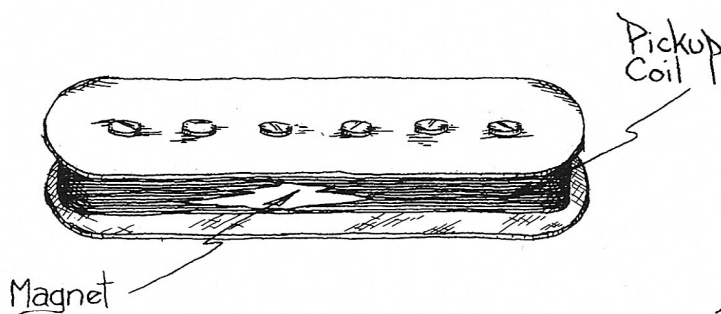
In the midst of this swirl of confusion stand the consumers, many of whom have only a nebulous idea about what a pickup actually is.

The basic elements of a guitar pickup are a magnet, or magnetized bar, wrapped in a coil of wire. The

vibrating string cuts through the magnetic field causing a current to be passed through the coil which is then transferred by two wire leads to the amp. There are two basic types of pickups—the single coil (one magnet wrapped in one coil) and the double coil (two magnets and two coils).

The standard double-coil pickup is the humbucking type. All pickups create hum. When rock music became popular, more powerful pickups were put into use, amps were cranked up and the audibility of the hum increased. Humbuckings became essential to cope with this problem. The two magnets are set out of phase (i.e., one magnet's north pole faces up, the other's north pole faces down). The result is a substantial reduction of hum (approximately 75%). Out-of-phase pickups produce a different sound than in-phase pickups. Out-of-phase pickups filter some of the treble frequencies along with the hum. The sound is mellower, not as biting. As a result, many guitars have in-phase and out-of-phase switches. Some pickups, Mighty Mite for example, have removable magnets which allow you to reverse the poles and create an in-phase or out-of-phase sound.

The sound of each pickup relates to two variables—the power of the magnet and the mass of the wire coil. The mass of the coil is revealed by the ohm resistance measurement of the pickup. The larger the wire mass, the higher the ohm reading. An original Strat reading is approximately 6,200 ohms. A high impedance distortion pickup can register as high as 16,000

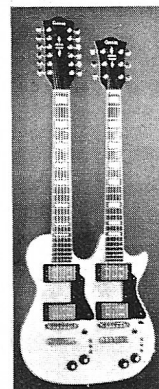


A pickup is basically composed of a magnet (or magnetized bar) and a wire coil. Many times, on top of the magnet are "poles" made of magnetized screws or pins.

FINALLY!

A
Professional Instrument Line
at Reasonable Prices

CARVIN features the finest in Professional Instrumentation equipment at incredibly **LOW FACTORY DIRECT PRICES**. This is made possible because we manufacture and sell direct — eliminating retail markups. • The CARVIN Doubleneck Guitars feature 4 APH-6S Double Coil Humbucking Pickups, Ebony fingerboards, Nickel-Silver frets, Shaller M6 mini-gears & Phase-Switching. Plus 14 other guitar models and a line of GUITAR PARTS.



CARVIN offers TUBE & Solid-State Amplifiers featuring 7 Band Graphic Equalizers, Channel-to-Channel Switching with Sustain Channel. JBL or MagnaLab speakers. • CARVIN Mixing Consoles feature 6, 10, 12, and 18



Channels with Bal. Inputs, 10 Band Graphic Equalization, Bi-Amp Crossover Networks, Stereo Panning, plus more. • CARVIN'S Professional Club and Commercial sound-reinforcement systems offer MagnaLab Electro-Voice, or JBL Horn Drivers and Speakers. Plus



Power Amps featuring Electronic Crossovers. • Professional quality and reliability are not sacrificed for price at CARVIN. All systems are carefully crafted by CARVIN in the U.S.A. and are backed by a



Solid 5 YEAR Warranty. Try CARVIN on a 10 Day Money-Back Trial Period. Call (714) 747-1712 Mon.-Fri. (or Write CARVIN, Dept. CT12, 1155 Industrial Avenue, Escondido, CA 92025 for your FREE Color Catalog.

CARVIN
SYSTEMS ENGINEERING
DEPT. CT12

send for
FREE CATALOG
with
Factory Direct Prices

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

There's no antidote for him.

The new Ted Nugent. "Cat Scratch Fever."
You're gonna catch it.
On Epic Records and Tapes.



Direction: David Krebs and Steve Leber for Leber-Krebs, Inc. 65 West 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
A Joint Production of Tom Werman, Cliff Davies and Lew Futterman for the Next City Corporation.

ohms. The "beefed up" coil reveals the beefier sound. Mass, in turn, is divided by two other variables—the number of turns and the thickness of the wire. Two pickups can have exactly the same wire mass but different sounds if one has thicker wire with less turns. All other things being constant, thicker wire will produce a thicker sound. A powerful magnet or one too close to the strings, will inhibit complete string movement. The loss of vibration will mean less sustain. On the other hand, a sensitive pickup with a weaker magnet will elongate the period of sustain by allowing the string to vibrate and picking up the minutest degree of vibration. A weaker magnet will produce a mellower sound. Manufacturers use intricate formulas and precise equipment to duplicate magnet pull and wire mass calibrations exactly so that each pickup will create the desired sound.

By now it should be obvious that with all the variables to choose from—magnet force, magnet type, wire size, number of turns, wire material, tension, etc.—there are a multitude of sounds for manufacturers to choose from, and that's where the confusion begins. There are basically two camps. There are those who swear by low output, low impedance "clean" pickups—those which retain the high overtones. The proponents of "clean" pickups will denigrate the "hot" pickups as nothing more than pickups sending improper impedance (overload) to the amp, or as pickups containing too much wire for the magnet size.

On the other hand, there are those who claim that pickups designed for maximum output and distortion are what players are looking for. "After all," they say, pointing to the similar debate within the instrument amp industry, "Solid state amps are by far cleaner and more efficient, but 75% of rock guitarists prefer the dirtier tube sound." And the battle rages on.

The truth is, to confuse things more, there are really no "clean" or "dirty" pickups per se. The dirty sound comes from using a high impedance pickup with a lower impedance amp, so the terms are relative. Using a pickup with an output of 10 millivolts and an amp designed to receive 7 millivolts will create the "dirty" sound. However, the same pickup matched to an amp designed to receive 10 millivolts will sound much "cleaner."

Companies can, however, intentionally make their pickups sound one way or another by designing them for high or low output as compared with standard amps. Some companies which exemplify the clean sound are Lawrence, Rowe DeArmond, Hi A, Sturdy and Dirty Works. Some excellent high output people to look into are DiMarzio, Mighty Mite, and Ibanez. All have numerous models to choose from and, again, your ears will tell you what is best for your style.

LETTERS

The editors of Circus Magazine want Letters to be an open forum for your thoughts, opinions and questions. Please send them to: Letters c/o Circus Magazine, 747 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017.

The Gomorrah, The Merrier

I want to thank M.R. of Hollywood for setting that idiot from Pennsylvania straight ("Disgusted About Disgusted," Letters, Issue 153). I am from Oregon and visiting friends here in Los Angeles. Everything M.R. said about L.A. was true; I walked down the Sunset Strip and saw more men hanging on to other men than women. I was shocked at first, but then I realized that I was the only one staring. That's because I'm from an unliberated state. Back home, if a person is showing any kind of gayness, he gets beat up, spit on, and the principal can kick him out of school. I used to hate gays until my friends taught me to love everybody for what they are and never put anybody down because they are not like you. Leaving Oregon and coming to L.A. was like coming to another planet. I love it. So please, print this letter to show other people how one bigot changed. Thanks again, M.R.!

L.J.
Oregon

The Tale of Two Cities

I am sorry that you ever printed that letter by M.R. of Hollywood in issue 153. Everything he said about New York City and Los Angeles is true. My family and I took a tour of the United States, and these two cities disgusted us. I actually could not take

my kids down the streets. I felt embarrassed in front of my boys walking down Broadway in New York because of all the queers. And L.A. is no better. On Hollywood Blvd., there are more freaks than I had ever dreamed of. What is this country coming to when America's two most famous cities turn into complete freak shows? What is this country coming to when you walk down public city streets and men are kissing and hugging small boys? What am I to say to my sons when they ask me, "Dad, how come that man is dressed like a lady?" I just hope that there are normal, straight boys left in this country to fight and support it. None of my children and grandchildren will be New Yorkers or Californians! They will grow up and stay in the South as long as I am alive.

Mr. William Coulson
Orlando, Florida

Minimal Returns

If John Swenson is gonna treat Circus readers to a history of the term "minimalism," ("Four-Billy Swan," Longplayers, Issue 156) he would do well to forget "art crit," about which he seems to know about little, and concentrate on music. "Minimalism" has been a movement in avant-garde "serious" music for a decade—actually, it's fading now—and that's where both John Rockwell and myself picked up the idea.

Since Swenson's so intent on self-improvement, I have another word for him: resentment. It's a French-

derived concept that I first encountered in Nietzsche 15 years ago. He exemplifies it.

Robert Christgau
New York, N.Y.

P.S. By the way, when reviewing a Billy Swan album, it is wise to compare it to other Billy Swan albums. All the Billy Swan fans I know think *Four* is his worst to date. Anybody who's interested should pick up on *Billy Swan* (his third) or *I Can Help* (his first).

Buxton Resurrected

I would like to know if there is any truth in the rumor that Glen Buxton, ex-lead guitar player for the Alice Cooper group is dead, other than the untrue rumor that he died in early '73? I have heard that after the Cooper break up, he was planning to release a solo album and died before it was completed. Is there any truth to any of this?

A Concerned Buxton Fan,
Bob Chaisson
Portsmouth, N.H.

Glen is quite well and alive and living in Connecticut. About four years ago he was actually very sick—as he describes it, his "pancreas almost exploded." After recovering, he put down the guitar and has only recently begun playing again. The reason you never saw a solo LP was because there was none planned. Now, however, Glen says he's up to some interesting things, musically, and we should be hearing about him again soon.—Ed.

Spacing Out

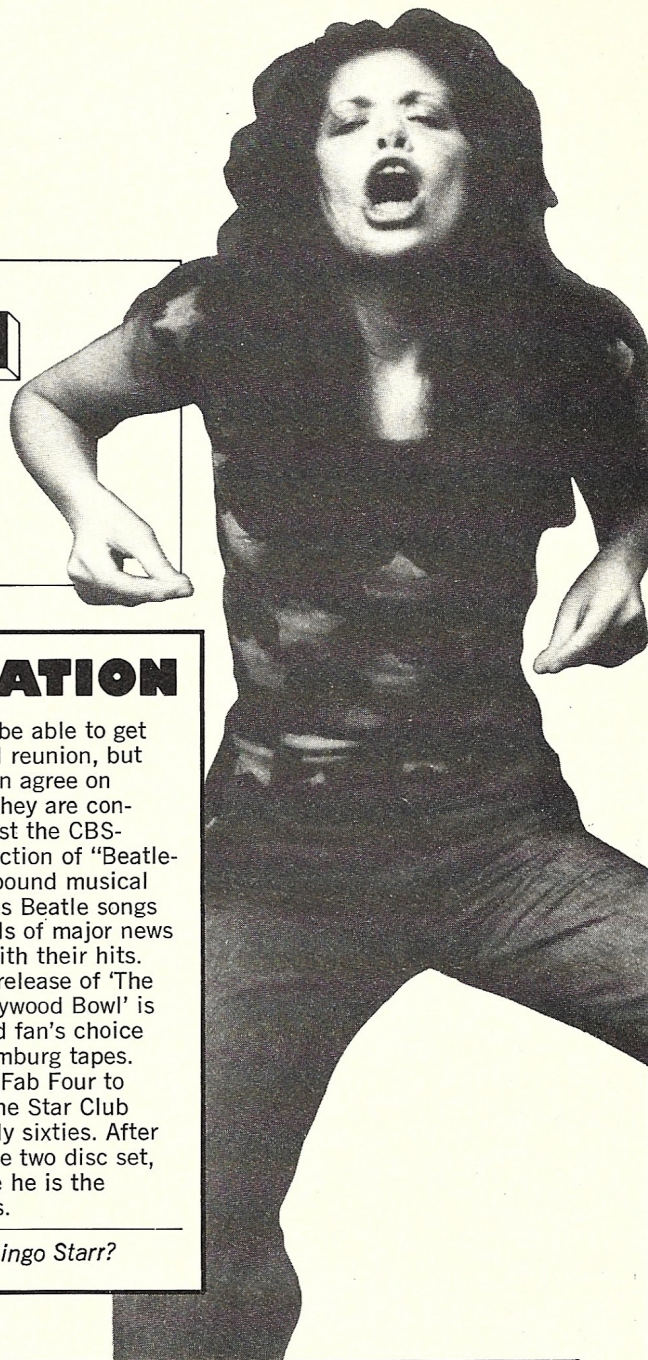
I'd just like to say thanks for the articles on "Colonies In Space" and "Space Sailing." It's great to see a magazine with such a wide range of coverage. I think space travel is not usually given the coverage it should get. As a subscriber, I look forward to future articles like this.

Ms. Roberta Jorden
Fresno, California

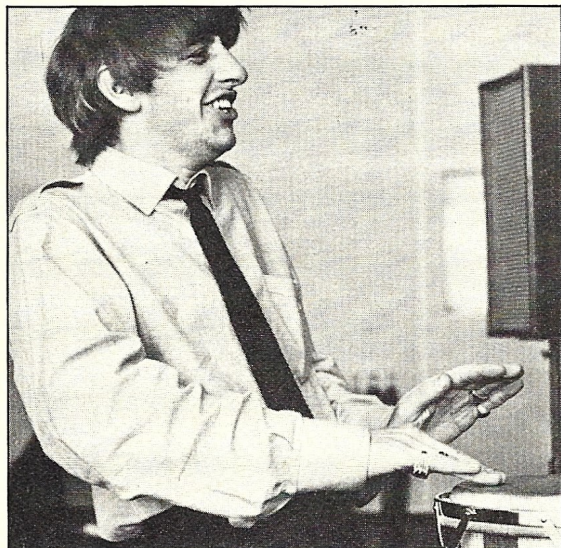
Publisher—Editor in Chief Gerald Rothberg

Senior Editors	Robert Smith Ira Wolfman	Q & A	Scott Cohen	Andy Kent
Art Director	Al Rudolph	Special Features	George Nobbe	Neal Preston
Associate Editor	Gary Graifman	Concert Guide	Renee Ford	Christopher Makos
Music News Editor	Bob Rudnick	Assistant		Don Hawryluk
Assistant Editor	Greg Wustefeld	Art Director	Russell Zolan	Harry Sandler
Contributing Editor	Paul Nelson	Art Staff	Cris Shakeshaft	Lynn Goldsmith
Contributing Writers	Wesley Strick Jim Farber	Design	Milton Glaser	
Correspondents		Contributing Photographers		Associate Publisher
London	Mick Houghton	Boston	Paul McAlpine	Art Ford
West Coast	Eliot Sekuler	Chicago	Kwasniewski/Star	Circulation
New York	Salley Rayl Peter Crescenti	Los Angeles	Mayer, Failla/ Rainbow	Gerald Levine
				Lani Bonacia
				Classified
				Lorelle Alexander
				Advertising Director
				Jeffrey Roberts
				Sales Manager
				Gary Krasner
				Executive Publisher
				Jonathan Banner

FRONT PAGES



BEATLES REACT TO EXPLOITATION

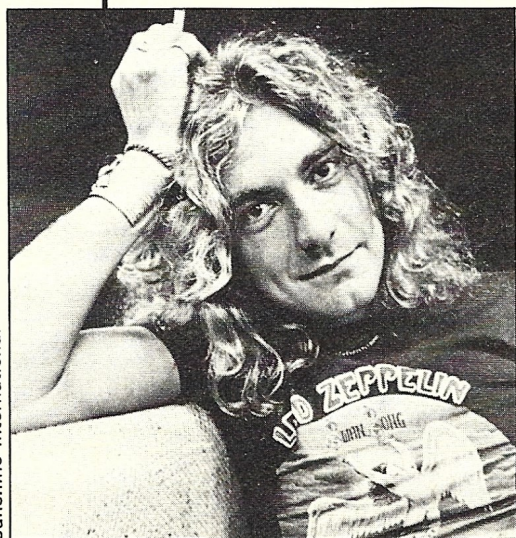


The **Beatles** may not be able to get it together for a musical reunion, but the lovable mop tops can agree on what to disagree with. They are considering a lawsuit against the CBS-backed \$750,000 production of "Beatlemania." The Broadway-bound musical (*Circus* #159) integrates Beatle songs with documentary visuals of major news events that coincided with their hits.

The Capitol Records release of 'The Beatles Live at the Hollywood Bowl' is certainly the critics' and fan's choice over those irritating Hamburg tapes. **Ringo** is the first of the Fab Four to break his silence over the Star Club recordings from the early sixties. After intensely listening to the two disc set, Mr. Starr isn't even sure he is the drummer on all the cuts.

Is the drummer really Ringo Starr?

FAKE PLANT ARRESTED AND JAILED



He was at Hartsfield Airport in Atlanta, Georgia, in a wheelchair, stoned (the alcohol variety), with a knife on him. Noisy, rowdy, he was causing an incredible ruckus and had attracted a crowd. Police at the airport arrested him. Description: long blond hair. Name: "**Robert Plant.**"

The AP wire picked up the story. What they neglected to report, from available police information, was that the surly roustabout was short and American and carried a Michigan address. WQXI, an Atlanta FM station, got wind of the AP story and ran with it, playing a tape of the impostor—who with the "drawl of a South Georgia cracker," as a deejay at the radio station later conceded—and passing him off as **Led Zeppelin's** inimitable

Robert Plant doesn't look like a jaybird.

lead singer.

Meanwhile, at home in Worcestershire, England, Robert Plant, completely oblivious, was lolling around, "enjoying the company of his family, about to take his daughter for a walk," according to his spokesperson at Swan Song.

Plant, normally "effervescent" (same spokesperson), is said to be "appalled, pissed off, and not at all amused" by the incident. "It was an affront to his privacy and humanity."

While AP has since issued a retraction, the folks at Swan Song are still understandably irked; they regard the whole affair as exemplifying "new levels of shoddy journalism by people not into what they're writing about. It's not maliciousness on AP's part necessarily, but it does reflect a complete lack of professional pride."

CARLY'S FIRST IN 2½ YEARS

Carly Simon chose a warm Friday the thirteenth to make her first stage appearance in two-and-a-half years. The scene was the Other End, a comfortable brick-walled nightclub in Greenwich Village which used to be called the Bitter End and is now seeing better days. Ms. Simon was euphemistically billed as a "Special Guest," and joined two friends, **Kay Coleman** and **Jay Hirsch**, who usually sing back-up to Carly. Her set was nearly flawless, though hardly earth-shattering, the high point being a happily-shaped duet version of "Close Your Eyes" with husband **James Taylor**. The short set also featured the theme song from the upcoming James Bond film, 'The Spy Who Loved Me,' written by **Marvin Hamlisch** and **Carole Sager**. Carly has joined a parade of performers who'll do musical pieces for the movie which is due out this fall. Simon showed very little of her legendary stage fright, tipping into nervous moments no more frequently than should a star with 2½ years of retirement behind her.

Carly Simon returns to the stage.

UNVEIL SECRET TEN YEARS AFTER PLOT



Jeffery Mayer

Alvin Lee resurfaces after three years.

Ten Years After have reformed in secrecy and have virtually completed a comeback album for release by early summer. A major tour is being lined up in America from July onward, with British dates set for later in the year. The personnel includes three original members: **Alvin Lee**, guitar and vocals, **Leo Lyons** on bass, **Chick Churchill** on keyboards, and newcomer **David Potts** replacing **Rick Lee** on drums. Lee is too involved in his production company to participate. **Ten Years After** last toured in 1975, but their separate endeavors were financially infantile compared to the rich rewards harvested from the group's speed rock like "Goin' Home."

RUNDGREN REJECTED

"**Jim Croce Day**" honoring Upper Darby High School's famous alumnus had gone well. So, with much excitement students prepared for "**Todd Rundgren Day**" with a series of events meant to mark Todd's return with **Utopia** to the town he energized in the late Sixties with **Nazz**.

Three days before the festivities, someone on the high school's Board of Governors finally recalled Todd Rundgren and decided to cancel the ceremonies. Officials stated only that "Todd was not our model student. His behavior records we would sooner forget." The aptly named Runt responded that "polite, well behaved students don't become crazy rock & roll stars—besides, schools inhibit your creativity."



His high school records haunt Todd Rundgren.

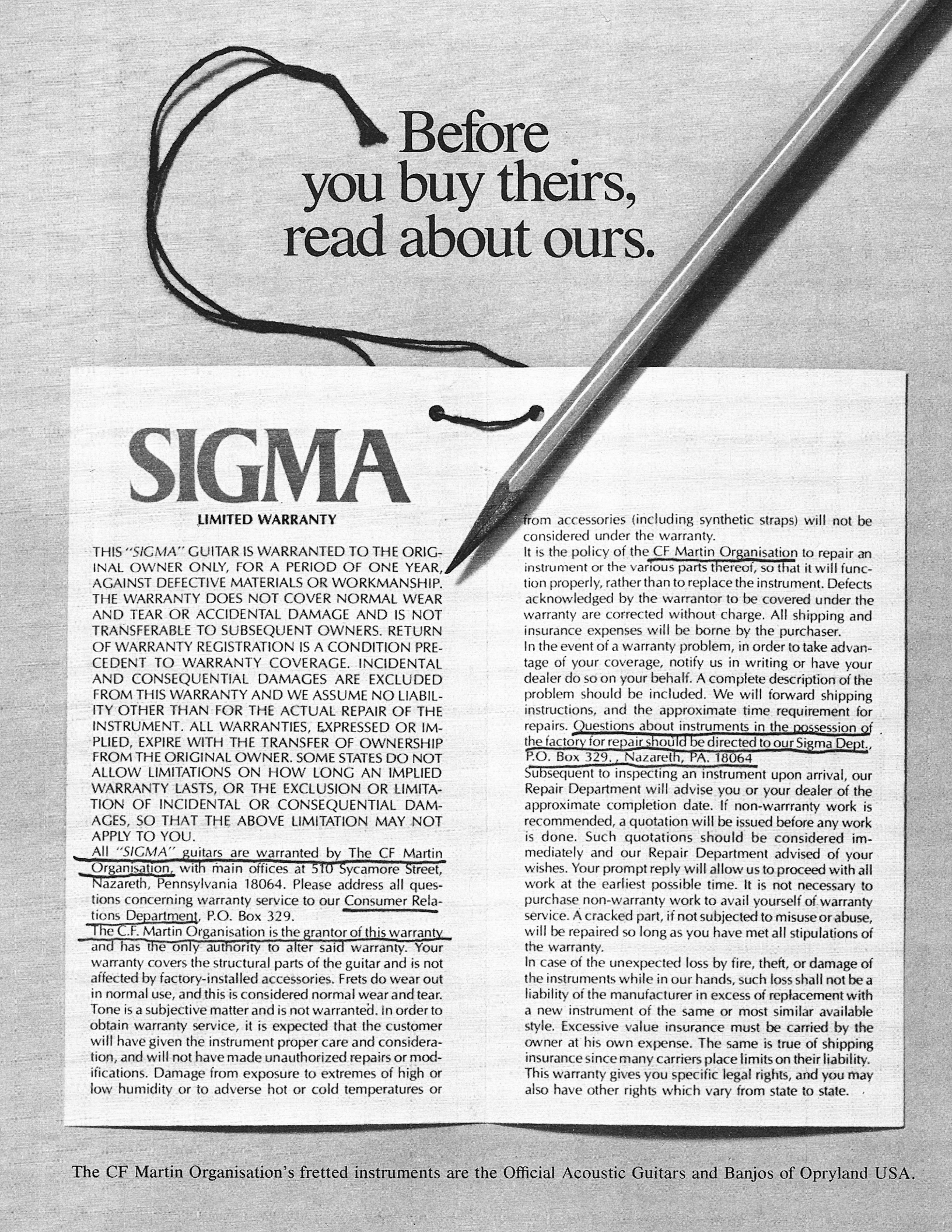
WONDER LOOKING FOR SONGS TO SING



David Ellis/Retna

Mr. Fingertips looks for unknowns.

After finishing production of his band **Wonderlove's** first album, **Stevie Wonder** will embark on one of his most unusual recording projects to date. The multiple Grammy winner who is best known for his own compositions is gathering material for an LP called 'The Writers' which will contain Stevie's renditions of songs written by other people. "A lot of times an artist will get into his own thing and forget there are other writers who have expressions and feelings that you can express in your style," explained Mr. Fingertips. **Bob Dylan's** "Blowin' in the Wind" felt the Wonder touch in a hit version recorded a decade ago. Having already talked with **Neil Diamond** and **Holland-Dozier**, Stevie will scour the globe in August for material by unknown as well as known writers. In the interim, this international talent will be working on some music for a movie called "The Secret Life of Plants."



Before
you buy theirs,
read about ours.

SIGMA

LIMITED WARRANTY

THIS "SIGMA" GUITAR IS WARRANTED TO THE ORIGINAL OWNER ONLY, FOR A PERIOD OF ONE YEAR, AGAINST DEFECTIVE MATERIALS OR WORKMANSHIP. THE WARRANTY DOES NOT COVER NORMAL WEAR AND TEAR OR ACCIDENTAL DAMAGE AND IS NOT TRANSFERABLE TO SUBSEQUENT OWNERS. RETURN OF WARRANTY REGISTRATION IS A CONDITION PRECEDENT TO WARRANTY COVERAGE. INCIDENTAL AND CONSEQUENTIAL DAMAGES ARE EXCLUDED FROM THIS WARRANTY AND WE ASSUME NO LIABILITY OTHER THAN FOR THE ACTUAL REPAIR OF THE INSTRUMENT. ALL WARRANTIES, EXPRESSED OR IMPLIED, EXPIRE WITH THE TRANSFER OF OWNERSHIP FROM THE ORIGINAL OWNER. SOME STATES DO NOT ALLOW LIMITATIONS ON HOW LONG AN IMPLIED WARRANTY LASTS, OR THE EXCLUSION OR LIMITATION OF INCIDENTAL OR CONSEQUENTIAL DAMAGES, SO THAT THE ABOVE LIMITATION MAY NOT APPLY TO YOU.

All "SIGMA" guitars are warranted by The CF Martin Organisation, with main offices at 510 Sycamore Street, Nazareth, Pennsylvania 18064. Please address all questions concerning warranty service to our Consumer Relations Department, P.O. Box 329.

The C.F. Martin Organisation is the grantor of this warranty and has the only authority to alter said warranty. Your warranty covers the structural parts of the guitar and is not affected by factory-installed accessories. Frets do wear out in normal use, and this is considered normal wear and tear. Tone is a subjective matter and is not warranted. In order to obtain warranty service, it is expected that the customer will have given the instrument proper care and consideration, and will not have made unauthorized repairs or modifications. Damage from exposure to extremes of high or low humidity or to adverse hot or cold temperatures or

from accessories (including synthetic straps) will not be considered under the warranty.

It is the policy of the CF Martin Organisation to repair an instrument or the various parts thereof, so that it will function properly, rather than to replace the instrument. Defects acknowledged by the warrantor to be covered under the warranty are corrected without charge. All shipping and insurance expenses will be borne by the purchaser.

In the event of a warranty problem, in order to take advantage of your coverage, notify us in writing or have your dealer do so on your behalf. A complete description of the problem should be included. We will forward shipping instructions, and the approximate time requirement for repairs. Questions about instruments in the possession of the factory for repair should be directed to our Sigma Dept., P.O. Box 329, Nazareth, PA. 18064

Subsequent to inspecting an instrument upon arrival, our Repair Department will advise you or your dealer of the approximate completion date. If non-warranty work is recommended, a quotation will be issued before any work is done. Such quotations should be considered immediately and our Repair Department advised of your wishes. Your prompt reply will allow us to proceed with all work at the earliest possible time. It is not necessary to purchase non-warranty work to avail yourself of warranty service. A cracked part, if not subjected to misuse or abuse, will be repaired so long as you have met all stipulations of the warranty.

In case of the unexpected loss by fire, theft, or damage of the instruments while in our hands, such loss shall not be a liability of the manufacturer in excess of replacement with a new instrument of the same or most similar available style. Excessive value insurance must be carried by the owner at his own expense. The same is true of shipping insurance since many carriers place limits on their liability. This warranty gives you specific legal rights, and you may also have other rights which vary from state to state.

"WHAT WE'LL DO ON OUR SUMMER VACATION..... MAYBE!"

BY THE CAST OF SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE

NEW YORK: Remember writing inane essays on "Summer Vacation"; the May forecast and the September "How It Was"? *Circus Magazine* revived this childhood concept and slipped the old question to a few people who are bound to have a summer the rest of us would dream for. Just what do **John Belushi**, **Gilda Radner** and the rest of the 'Saturday Night Live's' "Not Ready For Prime Time Players" have stashed in their bee costumes and Moonie minds for the summer of '77? Adventures in Surf City? Hot Fun in the Summertime? Little Deuce Coupes in the parking lots? Back of the necks feeling dirty and gritty?

"I'm going to summer camp for overweight girls," volunteered Belushi while consuming a champagne saucer of chocolate mousse at a celebrity studded New York press party. "That's how I met Gilda in the first place."

Gilda, standing next to him, didn't notice the comment for she was too busy scarfing down a very large, calorie-filled piece of gooey cheesecake. "Um, it's really goooood," she offered.

Does Belushi have great expectations for a fun season? Does he anticipate love, romance or a slim John by summer's end? "Just heat and no school," claimed the staunch comic.

By then Gilda had finished her treat and said she would be starring in summer stock, which is different from chicken soup. "I'll be in Stockbridge, Mass., for two weeks of rehearsals and a two week run of 'Broadway,' the 1920's play by George Abbott. I play Billy Moore. Then I'm going to rest. I don't know what that will be yet. I'll figure out something to do. Maybe I'll go to the beach."

Gilda, queen of the chicken soup circuit.

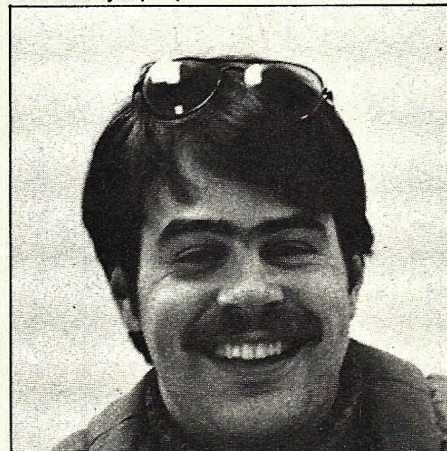


Dapper **Dan Akroyd** forsees travel and spiritual enlightenment in his off months and, like many good young men, he'll trek west for physical inspiration. "Me and my gang are going to plug volcanos in the Northwest territories one month. The next month, it will be meditation and a fast—ten minutes of meditation and fasting per day, then party. I hope to be able to crack cement blocks with my forehead. That's what meditation and good health can do. I'll have a full diet—eat a Volkswagen, which will pass through my intestines safely in hundreds and hundreds of pieces. With the time left, I want to crossbreed a Chihuahua with a German Shepherd and see what happens."

Bill Murray, who once participated in the Chicago humor mill Second City's comedy workshop with *Circus* magazine editor Bob Rudnick, has already appeared on the Chevy Chase Special. Summer offers include the role of top banana at a Cicero, Illinois burlesque house and the high paying job of stuntman for **Harry Reems**.

"I'm going to smuggle jewels back from Afghanistan," begins **Rosey Shuster**. The petite frizzed brunette with the red rimmed glasses is a staff comedy writer. "Then, I'm going to circumcise Michelangelo's David—an idea that should be credited to Alan

Dan Akroyd prepares to eat a Volkswagen.



Saturday Night cast waits for a cure for the summertime blues.

Zweibel, one of our writers.

If Rosey sounds busy, think of poor **Loraine Newman**, **Jane Curtin** and **Garrett Morris** who were too swamped to even answer the question. Or, because of the magnitude of their stardom, perhaps revealing their exotic summer plans might have a farfetched impact on society. Only September will tell, but by then, **Lorne Michaels** should be the size Belushi is now.

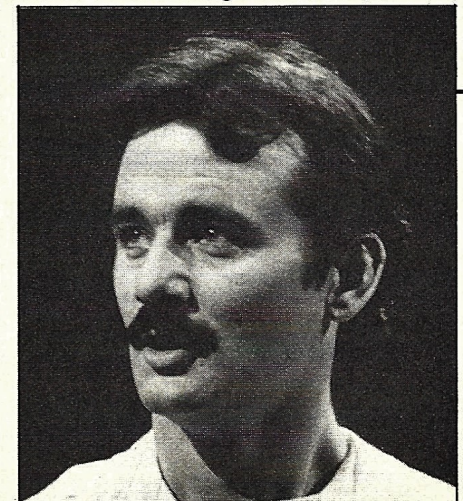
The Emmy winning producer/director plans a quiet summer reading fiction, writing and collaborating with Monty Python graduate **Eric Idle** on a film currently entitled "Ruttles."

The 'Saturday Night' staff's juiciest summer plum was plucked by comedy scribe **Michael O'Donahue**. "I've been really lucky, my Dad helped me find a summer job. I'll be tarring driveways around New York for a friend of his. I'm doing him a favor," he proudly admits.

So, there'll be no idle honking down the highway for these kids. They're as ambitious on hiatus as they are while hibernating during the 'Saturday Night' season.

—Janel Bladow

Will the Yankees sign Bill Murray?



THE 10TH ANNIVERSARY OF PROCOL HARUM: WILL THEY HAVE ANOTHER?

NEW YORK; "To last ten years you've got to give people something else," says vocalist **Gary Brooker**, "from what has become expected." **Procol Harum** fans who expected to spot **Chris Copping** on the stages of the band's Tenth Anniversary whistle stops got something else in the gauntly handsome form of ex-Elton John bassist **Dee Murray**. An old friend of lead guitarist **Mick Grabham**, Dee agreed to play the stateside leg of Procol's tour when the exhausted Chris Copping collapsed before a Sunday show overseas.

"Chris couldn't take the pace," admits Procol's spirited drummer **B.J. Wilson**, "and Dee is helping us out." Permanently? "Dee is ideal," continues Gary. "He can play songs the way I wish a Procol Harum bassist would play. The only problem with Dee is that unlike us Londoners, he lives in L.A., and they haven't made leads that long yet!"

For the past six weeks, though, the new lineup, which includes organist **Pete Solley**, has worked out fine. "I'm very happy with the way it is now," smiles Gary, "with Pete and with Dee. They've added new facets. Stage interaction is really good."

Which it is. Instead of playing the formal keyboard duets which thoughts of Procol usually conjure up, the manic, velvet-clad Pete Solley trades deft flourishes on his Farfisa organ and ARP and Crumar synthesizers with Gary's fleet-fingered acrobatics on the Fender Rhodes and nine-foot Steinway

Grand. The results are evident in songs like the shadowy "Strangers in Space."

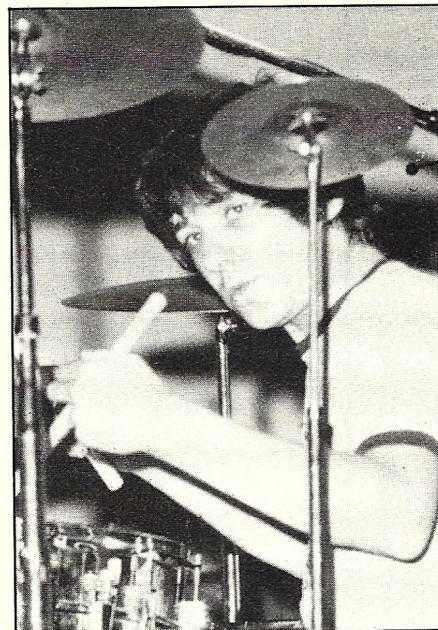
Was Pete or the band behind the added electronics? "I thought for a long time that we should have these things," Gary explains, "but it's really up to the individual who's performing on the instrument. Pete is well into making music on anything—give him a violin and he'll pick it up and play it." In the course of Procol's generally uptempo set, Solley does just that on such new numbers as "This Old Dog." His haunting organ lends whatever size hall Procol plays the sunken-cathedral ambience of the deepest recesses of the Paris Opera House. Silhouetted against a crimson backdrop, Dee and B.J. fill out the bottom on "The Unquiet Zone," the most modal, gothic number Pete has gotten his keys on.

Crowds from San Francisco to Vancouver to "the Big Lemon" are eating the show up. "The Lemon" is Gary's playful nickname for the mid-May site of the Tenth Anniversary show, the climax of a hectic tour which began in Europe last January. "New York's always been good for us," remarks Gary on the fittingness of celebrating Procol's Tenth here at the Palladium. When the birthday announcement came, the crowd erupted ecstatically, the promoter sent a candlelit cake out on stage, and Procol soared giddily through five

Procol Harum was looking toward the future when they celebrated their 10th.

encores plus its May '67 evergreen "A Whiter Shade of Pale."

Later, Procol reflected on a career that seems to be taking an upswing not only through the presence of Pete and Dee but also thanks to the guidance of writer **Keith Reid** and new personal manager Nick Blackburn. While the band looks more striking and



Chuck Delaney

Drummer B.J. Wilson has a lot going now.

is sounding tougher than it did in its more ethereal phases, it isn't about to fall back on its Britishness and go on playing "Simple Sister" till brain damage sets in.

"There's no prestige gained now from just being English," asserts Brooker. "A lot of people don't know the national origin of Fleetwood Mac." Eager to enlarge its following, Procol has mounted an assault upon giant U.S. arenas on doubleheaders with bands like Foghat, as well as doing stunning outdoor showcases in the Mid-Atlantic region. The band's current Warner LP, 'Something Magic', was recorded at Miami's Criteria, Procol's calculatedly anti-isolationist studio choice. "Things have been a lot more organized under Blackburn's direction."

Does Procol have signposts to its future? "We're working on new songs," says Keith. "What we do next is much more concerned with direction than with what we'll do for a bass player." Procol listens closely to commercial American records these days and has been in the States partly to "absorb what goes on round us."

—Richard Hogan



London Features Int'l.



Was England all that bad to Fleetwood Mac?

FLEETWOOD MAC GOES BACK TO WHERE THEY ONCE BEGAN

LONDON: Their current world concert tour has taken **Fleetwood Mac** to Great Britain and Europe for the first time in five years, and will bring them to Japan and Australia for the first concert tour before this year is out. In their adopted homeland, American fans have been swarming to Fleetwood Mac shows. The June 29 and 30 gigs in New York's Madison Square Garden were sold out more than a month in advance. While the current U.S. touring is an expected success, their return to the continent is to re-introduce the group to a home country that had largely forgotten that Fleetwood Mac ever existed.

Promotional visits often seem to achieve little, for Fleetwood Mac the trip home paid big dividends. The year-old 'Fleetwood Mac' album which had till their return sold less than 10,000 copies, crept into the album charts. A few months later, the follow up album, 'Rumours', leapt straight into the top ten. The single "Go Your Own Way" even gave the group their first chart entry since "Green Manalishi" in 1970, when Peter Green was still with the group. And, a major hit single seems likely before the year is out if the critical and popular reaction to their sell-out tour is anything to judge by.

When the two recent recruits, **Lindsey Buckingham** and **Stevie Nicks** joined two years ago, the English trio of **Mick Fleetwood**, **John McVie** and **Christine McVie** had already helped lay most of the foundations for today's group (through albums like 'Kiln House', 'Future Games', and 'Bare Trees'). What Buckingham and Nicks brought was a hitherto unachieved stability rather than any change of musical direction.

They also sealed the striking image

of the group, and their "American" identity. For, while Fleetwood Mac's visit was a homecoming, their first British dates in almost half a decade, it was less the return of triumphant Britishers than a first visit by California curios. Fleetwood Mac's audience in Britain is the America-lovers, the Los Angeles cult followers, not those who once championed the British blues band.

Mick Fleetwood was well aware of this, though he and the rest were surprisingly nervous and aware of the pressure on them at the first of three packed nights at London's Rainbow Theatre. Earlier, Christine McVie had said she felt a sense of homecoming at Birmingham, her home town. But the most surprising reaction came from Stevie Nicks: "We obviously don't need England from a financial point of view, but we need England, in that it's still home for John and Mick and Chris, and if it's home for them it's our proxy home."

"I didn't want to come," she added candidly. On that last promotional visit Stevie had ultimately had a bad time, because throughout a day of interviews journalists repeatedly knew nothing of the new band and had nothing to ask her. Even at the lavish reception held for the group, they were

Stevie Nicks, who looks like a model, melted England's cold, cold heart.

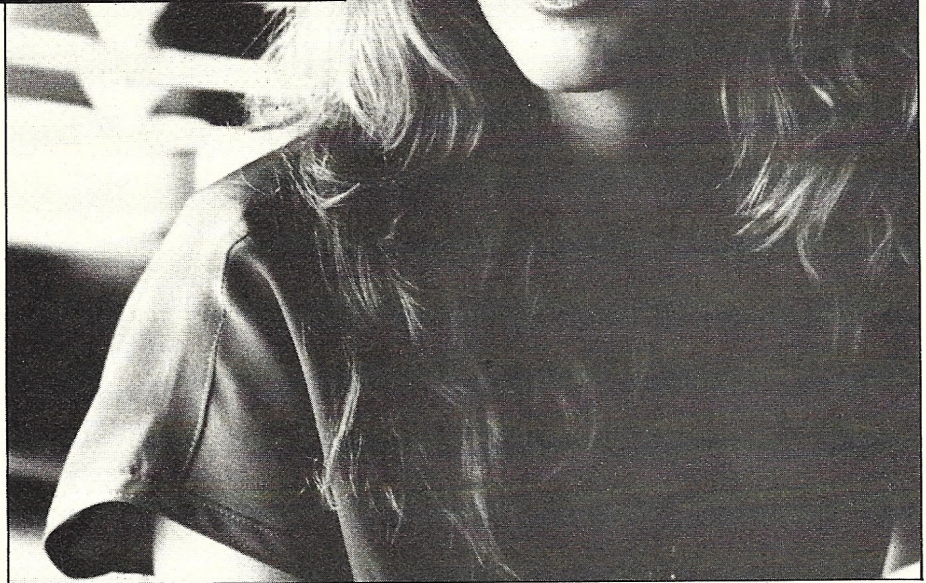
upstaged by the arrival of former leader Peter Green.

But whereas Green has since entered a further tragic stage in his career, he's been committed to an asylum for the second time in five years, the Fleetwood Mac soap opera has taken an upswing for the group that today carries its name.

Stevie, on this visit, was besotted with would-be interviewers. Her, and Lindsey Buckingham have also had the satisfaction of seeing their three year old 'Buckingham Nicks' album be released in Britain and meet with critical success. Lindsey even spoke of their possibly recording another album outside of Fleetwood Mac itself.

Today Fleetwood Mac needs no re-introduction to mother country fans. The only calls for "Albatross" and "Dust My Broom" are from a boozy minority. The triumphs and shouts are for new numbers like "Rhiannon" and "Go Your Own Way". Their performances are as exhilarating as their music in cold wet Londontowne, for Fleetwood Mac returned home with their own brand of warm California easy listening rock.

—Mick Houghton





Neil Zlozover Jeffrey Mayer

Bad Company aren't as bad as their name implies. (left, Bóz Burrell and Mick Ralphs; right, Paul Rodgers)

BAD COMPANY IS MEAN BUT CLEAN AS THEY ROAR THROUGH THE USA

Bad Company's 1976 American tour was a marathon four month affair that left the British blasters drained of energy and suffering from a severe case of the road crazies. As the equally extensive 'Burning Sky' tour shifts into high gear, Messrs. Rodgers, Ralphs, Kirke and Burrell have decided on a more leisurely approach to the road, one designed to conserve strength and preserve sanity. Rather than the flat out blitzes of previous forays, the band has divided their roadwork into three legs, establishing regional bases for each portion of the tour and flying to gigs in their own jet.

"It's a good way of doing it," **Paul Rodgers** maintains under a less than burning sky in Palm Springs, Bad Company headquarters for the western portion of the tour, "because last time we were just going mad in hotels, climbing the walls. On this tour, we've had time to decompress a bit and get the old energy soarin' again instead of just flogging on and on like we did on the last tour. It's nice to have a base to come back to. You can get into a lot of healthy activities."

With ankle weights lying on a chair, a heavy boxing bag suspended from the roof outside and not a trace of musical

equipment anywhere, Rodger's rented ranch-style house resembles the quarters of a **Jack LaLanne** fanatic gone overboard. He even has his karate trainer in tow for the duration of the tour.

"I'm working at keeping fit," Rodgers asserts, "because I think it's important to stay healthy and people can get very messed up on tour. A lot of people do, get very boozed out and all the rest of it. I work out about two hours a day. It's nice to work it off, work out a bit of steam. I find it makes me more peaceful."

The prospect of a peaceful Paul Rodgers, **Mick Ralphs** and **Simon Kirke** can only delight hotel managers and dismay editors familiar with Bad Company's inclination towards the occasional rampage. "I think having a name like Bad Company, any thing that you do is bound to be a little exaggerated," Paul reflects. "I think the first rush of success really sort of went to our heads and we were a bit over the top, wrecking bars and whatever. I think we're a little mellower now and realize the position we're in. The music's the most important thing, not necessarily the image, and there's no need to try and overexaggerate the

whole badder-than-thou attitude.

"We're a fairly tough bunch, there's no doubt about that, because we've survived in this business for so long . . . all of three years," he laughs. "I'd rather underplay than overplay that side of the image. It doesn't do any harm because it creates a certain amount of interest in the band and I don't think we'd ever want to be tame."

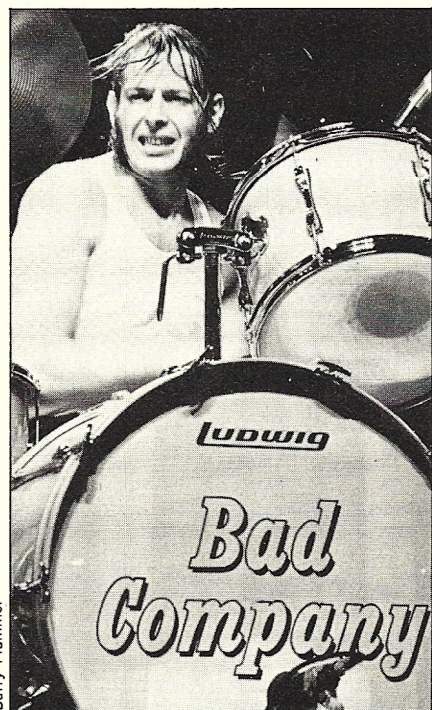
Tameness is one quality that has never been associated with the volatile vocalist who still listens to the vintage blues artists he grew up on. "That's where Bad Company met is on a blues level," Rodgers declares. "For me, it's really great because it expresses what you're feeling straight off the street and you can directly relate to it because it's so simple and emotional. That's the way we want to keep our music."

The other common element in the Bad Co. heritage is their musical affection for the classic r&b sounds of the middle Sixties cut by the likes of **Otis Redding**, **Wilson Pickett**, **Aretha Franklin** and **Sam & Dave**. Has the band ever considered incorporating favorite blues and soul standards into their live set?

"You think about these things," Paul

muses, "but we've got so much material that we want to do that it's hard for us to eliminate any stuff we want to do ourselves. Sometimes we do break into something, the other night I broke into "Midnight Hour" and off we went, but I don't think we would plan to do that.

"There are a lot of songs we would love to do. I'd like to do, one day perhaps, a whole favorite songs album of "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling" and all those great songs, "Midnight Hour", and update them slightly but keep that original feel. That's all in the future. At the moment, I'm too involved with Bad Company and there's too many songs coming all the time and they've got to be done."



Simon Kirke has new found stamina.

Like many top-rank attractions who live on a steady diet of 15-20,000 seat arenas, Bad Co. occasionally gets the inclination to play in more intimate surroundings. "When we do get the urge to do that, we often get up in a club and just blow a lot of blues. When we were in England, I got a gig at the local village hall near me and we advertised under a false name. We put it about that it was, in fact, us and we got 200 people in there," Paul beams. "It was fantastic, the place only held 150 so it was packed and it was really nice to do that, get close to the audience again. But it's a bit impractical to go around doing that."

—Don Snowden

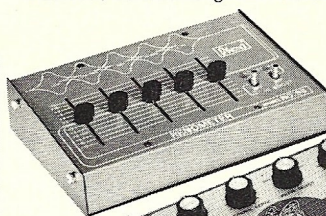


At those rare and magic times, when the heavens are in proper alignment, a wonderful old Wizard visits this planet from the Land of Ohm. With him he brings marvelous extraterrestrial electronic devices to delight musicians everywhere.



Spoke the Wizard, "Call this the Ibanez Phase Tone, a mini-phaser so compact and durable it will astound you. For those who wish to have more control over their sound, here is the Ibanez Phase II, with a depth control for phase effects from a subtle hint to a bold sweep."

"For musicians who want sustain with no distortion, I give you the Ibanez Compressor. It will help you to stand out and be heard, without having to shake the heavens with volume. And for those who want a bit of grit with their sustain, here is the Ibanez Overdrive, a hard-driving sustain and distortion device."



With a snap of his fingers the Wizard produced the Ibanez Renometer. "Captured in this compact package is a veritable rainbow of tone color, with 5 bands of equalization and a preamp/tone booster - perfect for any instrument or vocal system."

Then reaching deep into his bag, the Wizard said, "Now this is a most interesting effect - the Ibanez Stereo Box. It will give you an automatic variable speed pan between two amplifiers or two channels of the same amp."

"But here is the device of which I am most proud", said the Wizard with a grin. "The Ibanez Flying Pan, a combination automatic panning device and state of the art phase shifter can make the sound of your instrument literally fly around the room."

And then, with a dramatic wave of his arms, the Wizard of Ohm disappeared into a cloud of smoke and a crackle of lightning - but promising to return soon with more electronic marvels for musicians.

Ibanez

Listen to Springsteen's "Wild Billy's Circus Story" or the old Biff Rose ditty about him and Molly running off to join the circus, and you get some strange pictures of life under the Big Top. Circus people can seem downright . . . weird. Listening to a few young performers who are currently trouping with the 107th edition of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey—two who grew up in circus families and one who slipped under the tent flap from outside—one finds that their lifestyle is actually very . . . Well, determine for yourself.

The first thing one notices in talking with 13-year-old Gino Farfan is that his body language is that of a mature, self-assured little adult—little only in stature and years. In a few minutes he will "fly" with his Chilean parents and brother in a trapeze act they perform several hundred times a year. Sitting now with his hands folded, legs casually crossed, shoulders straight, he speaks with perfect ease about his special livelihood.

"You've got to grow up a little faster, with all the responsibility. Working so many hours, practicing, school. You have to be on time, you have to look your best. There's a lot of discipline."

Gino performs a flying double somersault and knows he has to have the act down pat, know exactly what he's doing every minute. A net below protects him from falls, but not from the hurt of their embarrassment. It calls for concentration. "The movements always have to be the same—the same break, throw—because just a little off and you could miss the trick, fall."

If it sounds regimented, it is. But there are free hours, time for Gino to skateboard, and, of course, the travel. "We're always active; it's never boring," Gino says. Like his post-performance wink to the crowd, the assertion might almost be rehearsed.

The expected question: Did his parents pressure him to become a circus performer or join their act?

"In Vegas we had a trapeze in our backyard. I watched my parents practice every day. When I was six, I asked my dad if I could go up, and ever since I've always pushed him, because if I hadn't he'd want me to be a lawyer. He said it was up to me, if I wanted to fly he'd teach me."

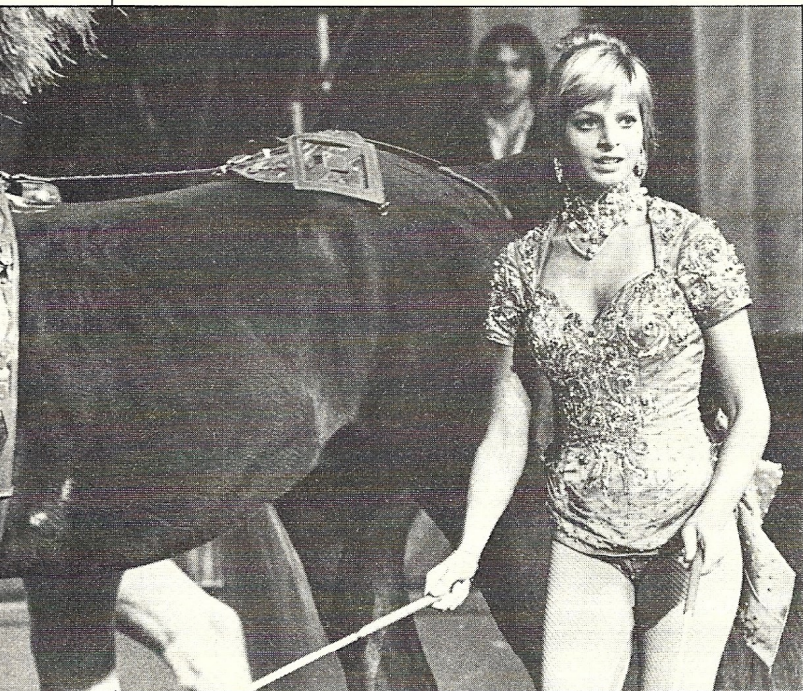
Given the choice now, Gino would still opt for show business. "Kids come up to me and say, 'Ooh, you're lucky, you get to work on the flying trapeze and be in the circus,'" Gino mimics, then smiles, then folds his hand again. Calm.

Life In The Three Circus Entertainers Get Caught in the Act

by Greg Wustefeld



Gino Farfan and his younger brother, Tato, after one of their routinely successful flights.



Tina Gebel, perfectly at ease with horses, also works with elephants, but at tigers she draws the line.

Tina Gebel is the daughter of Gunther Gebel-Williams, animal master and showman extraordinaire, and Sigrid Gebel, former German fashion model and equestrienne. That this 14-year-old woman-child would turn up exhibiting prancing Arabian horses in a circus ring comes as no surprise. Tina doubles as a showgirl in the circus's large-scale production numbers, where her grace and strength match those of girls several years her senior.

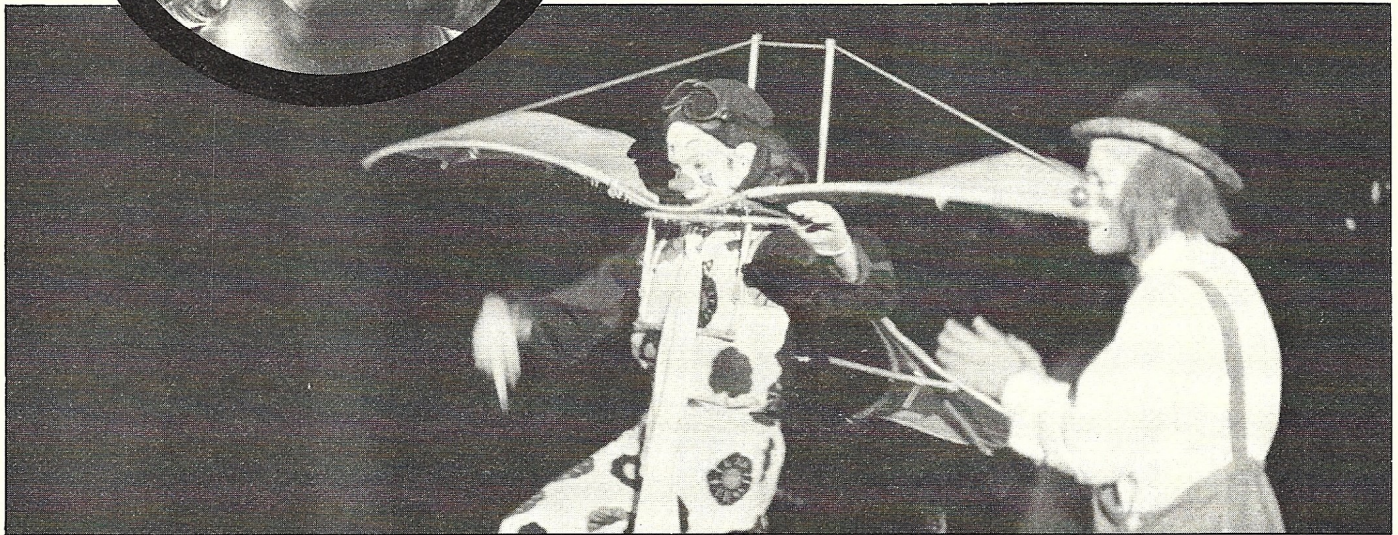
She too is certain she wants to stay with the circus. "I was born in Germany and lived there with my grandmother until I was about eleven. Then I came to America and went to school for two years in South Carolina, where my parents had more opportunity to see me. I decided then I wanted to be put in the show. I'd wanted to for a long time." Tina chose to work with horses. "My mother did a horse act," she explains.

And she doesn't wish she could settle down into the life of a typical teenager, whatever that is? "We live just about the same as other human beings," Tina says, perched precariously on a desk corner so as not to ruffle her costume's tail feathers, "except we live on a train or in a trailer. I have school, we go shopping, watch TV."

The same, yet different. A special talent or inclination is requisite here, right? "Yes," is all Tina says, probably having encountered her share of inquisitive typical teenagers who squeal, "Gee, that's neat; I want to do that."

To them, "I can't give any advice yet," she says, "because I'm still learning, and getting advice from others."

Center Ring



John McHugh in his birdman incarnation, and (insert) without any disguises.

John McHugh remembers seeing a performance of the circus when he was 20 and thinking that there were lost art forms there that might make a renaissance. He was studying visual design at North Carolina State at the time, and also fiddling around with saxophone, banjo, and harmonica. About a year later, he took up juggling over the summer. For a winter arts festival at college he did some juggling to the Trashmen's "Surfin' Bird," then again on a street corner in Florida during a folk festival.

In February 1973, he saw the circus again and ended up auditioning for Ringling's clown college in Venice, Florida, a two-month training program for young clowns. Why the circus, why clowning? "It all just sort of flowed . . ." says John in explanation—the juggling, the music, the prop building and design.

This year marks his fourth as a circus clown. John is not your standard knee-slapping har-har jokester; his presence is low-key, affable, straightforward—he's funny in a gently ironic way.

One of John's clown personas is a Brewster McCloud type in a Leonardo da Vinci flying machine who flails away at mobile bugs with an oversized fly swatter. The routine is genial and smooth. Like his personality?

"Personality is a little like artistic development. I've tried to come on the show and build something, put something together that requires assembling supplies and designing. My attitude is to develop and perfect a gag and get that into the act. It's an outlet for creativity and imagination; you can create a small fantasy world. If

you let yourself go, you can have a pretty exceptional time. The clowns are allowed a lot of freedom."

John incorporates his sax playing into the clown band number. He strides atop an elephant. His other sketches employ an oversized magnifying glass, which he peers through to locate pests to swat, and a long sword, which he swallows. His poise, athleticism, and ease of performance are manifest throughout. He mostly works alone.

Does it ever get boring, become a job? "Every now and then. It might become tiresome if I'm physically tired. The psychological response I make is: Take it easy, try to have a good time with what's happening, and don't worry too much about movement or style. It seldom becomes boring; it's what I want to be doing."

For how long? "Well, I don't have a career in, say, archeology planned out for ten or fifteen years from now. Yet I don't think in terms of being here forever; the circus is real transient. Right now I'd like to stick with clowning. I really enjoy the clown character, the ability of a clown to become a genuine fantasy creature, its tradition of providing the comedy between tense acts. There are a

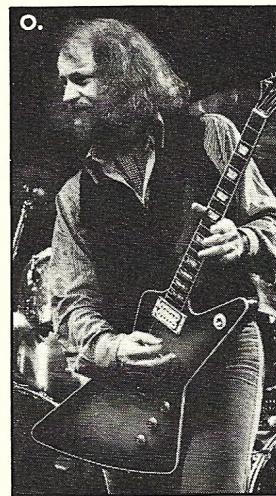
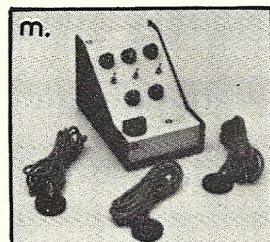
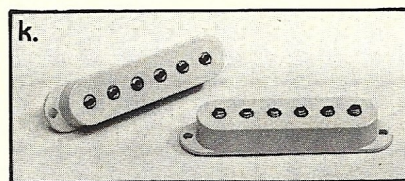
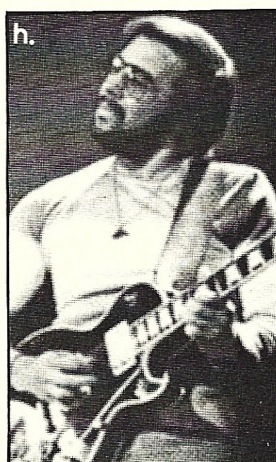
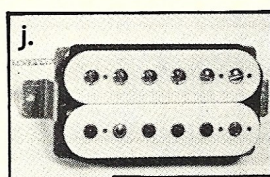
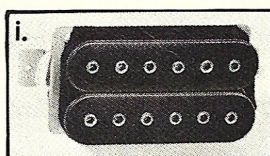
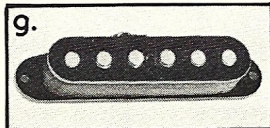
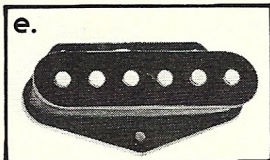
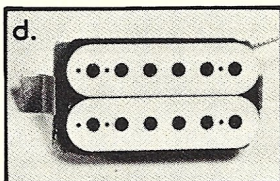
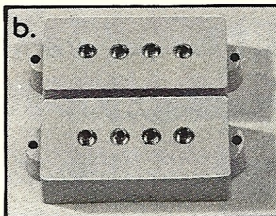
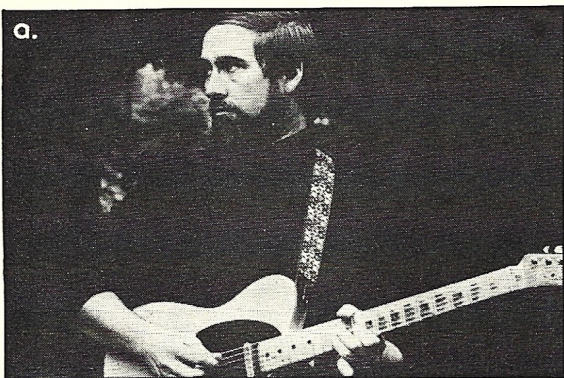
lot of ideas I haven't explored yet. I've got about six birds, fan-tail pigeons, I'd like to use. I enjoy it."

Circus life is not all pratfalls and guffaws, however. John recognizes some difficulties. Living on the circus train too closely resembled old dormitory experiences—confining—and it affected his disposition. "This year seems to have picked up, though. I got married in January, and my wife being out with me and having a small trailer has changed my life a little."

Being part of the circus world—tight-knit, insular, isolating as it can be—makes large demands on one's energies and time. "I don't really have too much of a life of my own," John admits. "Relating to people can be a problem: how to be friendly yet go about your own independent way. I have a tendency to head in my own direction and maybe ignore what others in the show are trying to do. It's sort of a survival instinct. You have to develop your own world strong enough so that you can survive by it. Being around the same people all the time, it's tough."

Maintaining contacts outside the circus is also tough. "The circus can move you away from your friends, your locale. When I get in a community, I'll try to call them up or stop off to see them. As time goes on, most people go their own way, drift off here and there, and you find that the people you relate to most meaningfully cease to be your friends from long ago but are the ones on the show, because you have more in common."

Still, says John, "It's pretty much what I want to be doing. I've always enjoyed juggling, and making things, design; that's what I always did. It's about as much as anyone can ask, to be getting paid for what you want to do. The circus isn't a job really, it is a way of life."



1 How many of these musicians can you identify?

2 What kind of pickups are these?

3 What do they both have in common?

ANSWERS

1 a. - Roy Buchanan, c. - Rick Derringer, f. - Paul Stanley (Kiss), h. - Al DiMeola, l. - Ted Nugent, n. - Gary Rossington (Lynyrd Skynyrd), o. - Martin Barre (Jethro Tull), p. - Laurie Wisefield (Wishbone Ash).

2 b. - P-Bass Precision, d. - Super Distortion, e. - Fat Strat, g. - Pre-BS Telie, i. - Super II, j. - PAF, k. - SDS-1 Strat, m. - Piano Transducer & Acoustic Pickups.

3 Together they give a great performance.



DiMarzio
Musical Instrument Pickups, Inc.

Depr. CC, 643 Boy St., Staten Island, N.Y. 10304

Write for a free catalog on our full line of pickups for guitar, bass & piano.

Available at fine music stores throughout the U.S.

Exclusive Canadian distributor: GHI Music Sales, 5000 Buchan St., Suite 506, Montreal, Quebec H4P 1T2

Basic Spacek

Soft-Spoken Sissy Reveals Another Side

by Larry Gordon

Lynn Goldsmith

The little-girl freckles are deceiving, even though they stretch from her forehead right on down to where the gold cross and necklace dangles inside the brown blouse. They are deceiving because Sissy Spacek is far from a little kid; she's 27, and after ten years of knocking on doors, she's inside that space reserved for the talented and determined. She's a movie star—complete with freckles and a sweet Texas twang.

The star of *Badlands*, *Carrie*, *Welcome to L.A.*, and *Three Women* was sitting crosslegged, yoga-style, on an armchair in her New York hotel suite. Her strawberry blonde hair was pulled up like a Gibson girl and there was more than a touch of rouge on her cheeks. She was talking about how she has to fight an image.

"I used to get real upset when someone would say 'Oh, she'd be a wonderful quiet 15 year old for this or that movie.' I knew I wasn't just that. I may have been that a few years ago. But I don't get upset anymore. I now have the option to take those films or not. I choose not to."

Sissy pointed out that her character, Pinky, in Robert Altman's spacey-psychological *Three Women* is "a blank page, someone who takes on the personality of others." One of the meanings of the film, she said, is that our personalities aren't as steadfast as we think they are. "I think human beings are boundless, bottomless pits with endless resources to draw upon. We only bind ourselves into categories."

The category of actress was not Sissy Spacek's first choice and may not be her last. At 17, she left Quitman, Texas (pop. 1,200) with a 12 string guitar in hand to become a country singer in New York. She first stayed there with her cousin, actor Rip Torn, and sang in Greenwich Village clubs for ten bucks a night plus supper. After making the audition rounds, she landed some studio gigs. "I was into country rock before country rock was in," she laughed. "It was all Chewy, Chewy, Yummy, Yummy bubble gum music then. So I just worked my head off trying to get that style and just as I got that down, it was out and something else was in."

If she wasn't ready for music fame, it seems acting fame was ready for her. A few modeling stints (at 5'2", she says "I was too short") led to some acting classes and then a part in her first movie *Prime Cut*, a clinker about a white slavery ring.

The next year, director Terence Malick cast her in *Badlands*. Sissy's portrayal of a teenager accompanying her boyfriend on a bloody spree of murders won her a set of fabulous reviews. "That was a real important film for me because it was the first time I ever felt that connection with what I call the Lifeforce—creating a reality—where the actual filmwork itself was more exciting to me than seeing my face 40 feet tall on the screen." The film, unfortunately, was not widely seen. "I don't think I could



"I'm not a 15-year-old anymore," Sissy, 27, says. She promises her film roles will reflect that.

have handled it all then—getting a chance to make a brilliant film and then to have it be a hit—it might have been too much for flesh to bear."

But *Badlands* brought a side-benefit better than money: its art director was her soon-to-be husband Jack Fisk. And during the next two years, when she didn't get any film acting jobs, Sissy helped with art direction on a couple of films, including *Phantom of the Paradise*. Its director, Brian DePalma, would later remember them both for another one of his shockers, *Carrie*. Before that, however, she traveled to Europe and made some TV movies, including *Katherine*, a sort of Patty Hearst saga.

DePalma has said: "There's something about Sissy on film—she makes some connection that startles you." Anyone who has seen *Carrie* can attest to that. In that wonderfully macabre flick, she travels from repressed wallflower to lovely prom queen to blood-drenched monster wreaking vengeance on both the innocent and guilty. She gives an absolutely riveting performance which won the best actress award from National Society of Film

Critics and an Oscar nomination. She lost the Academy Award to Faye Dunaway, but says she wasn't disappointed. "Oh no, not disappointed at all. I didn't expect to be nominated and was very thrilled by just that. The actresses I was nominated with, I'd be thrilled to be in the same room with. I'm serious." And with a touch of the country girl come to the BIG City, she added: "My biggest disappointment that night was that I was sitting in the front row and I couldn't turn around and see who was there."

From *Carrie*, she got all kinds of fan reactions. "I got a letter from a guy who said he knew me in another life and that my name was Ursula. Could very well be . . . I'd have men tell me 'that's my life story.' People related to the emotions in 'Carrie,' the rage, the fear, the exhilaration. It was like an emotional roller coaster ride. I would like to think that everyone thought of Carrie as themselves in some way."

Carrie plopped her firmly into stardom and onto the cover of *Newsweek*, where she was hailed as top of the pack of a new generation of Hollywood actresses about to end an era of male-dominated movies. "I think this is a real exciting time for women in films, a REAL exciting time for women, period. In films, producers realize there's a whole big market for women and that the business in general is changing. Many women of our generation didn't know some of the problems faced by the generation of, say, Lee Grant and Dyan Cannon, those filmmakers who are very talented but who had so much to burn through. They led the way. They fought a lot of our fights for us. I appreciate it."

Welcome to L.A. and *Three Women* followed *Carrie* in quick succession. In the first, produced by Robert Altman, she plays a topless housekeeper who hustles middle-aged men on the side. In the second, directed by Altman, she undergoes two eerie personality switches, prompting one New York critic to say: "Sissy Spacek goes through more emotional changes in a half hour than most actresses do in a lifetime." Next, starting to shoot in Europe in July, is a Nicholas (Don't Look Now and *The Man Who Fell to Earth*) Roeg film, as yet untitled, co-starring Art Garfunkel! Sissy described it as "a bit of a mystery, and a bit of a love story."

The offers have been coming in pretty fast. In March, she was the hostess for NBC's Saturday Night, her first

time on live television. She said: "It was tough. But I love trying new things. As a test, I like fast rides and hiking. I've always liked things where there's an element of fear involved."

On the comedy show, she gave an impressive demonstration of her twirling abilities learned back in Quitman, where some teachers called her by her real name, Mary Elizabeth. In a way, it was an affectionate tribute to the days when she was once an actual homecoming queen. Unlike some stars, she keeps close to her roots. She and Jack have a place in L.A. and recently bought a little house on a lake near Quitman. "My HOME home is Texas, where I'm my own person and 'movie star' is meant for someone else. Texas is the place that keeps me most grounded. When I get real nuts, I can go back there and walk in the woods and swim and water ski and go riding. It's a little cocoon. It's great."

Yet, even in L.A. or New York, Sissy says she hasn't felt the negatives of stardom, like not being able to live a normal life. "I went to a screening of *Welcome to L.A.* in New York," she said, "and I certainly wasn't rushed by anybody or any crowds. I'm not a MOVIE STAR movie star, like Barbara Streisand or Katherine Hepburn. There's a space between the public and those people." Still, some people and other artists recognize her and say hello. And that Sissy says "is a very, very pleasant experience."

"You have to know your own talent and keep plugging along," she said after ten years of plugging to become "an overnight sensation". "Sooner or later, you find someone else who sees something special in you and helps bring it out. It happened to me first and faster in film than in music."

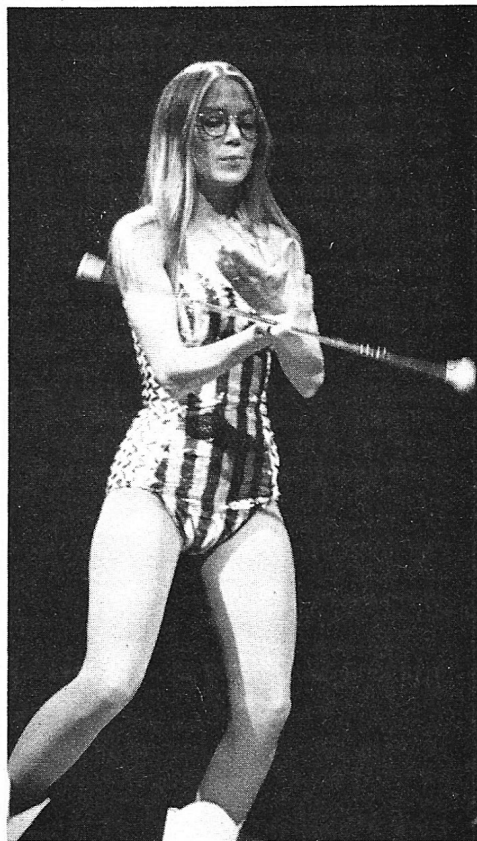
"Of course a lot has to do with luck and timing and you have to be able to deal with it emotionally . . . I'm lucky. I have a real strong family and lots of security and love. And if it all ended tomorrow, I'd just do something else." That something else, she said, would be to write and direct a film, or go back to singing.

It doesn't seem imminent that Sissy Spacek's career as an actress will dry up like a Texas watering hole in the summer. And she hopes that her future roles stress the woman rather than the freckled-faced little girl, the person rather than the Quitman twang. "I've discovered I'm more things than I once thought I was." A short laugh and toss of hair. "That's a relief."

Sissy and mother. Married to film art director Jack Fisk, Sissy says, "I'm lucky. I've got a strong family and lots of security and love."



Quitman's star twirler shows her stuff on 'Saturday Night.'







Fin Costello

'On Stage' shows off the best of Rainbow's high energy; Blackmore is an intensely dedicated, unusually fast guitarist.

Rainbow Returns

While Blackmore's Mysterious Crew Remains Isolated in France
Recording a Studio LP, 'On Stage' Captures Their Fury Live

by Jim Farber

The only thing missing is the thunder and lightning. Otherwise, here at Le Chateau—a musty 16th century castle turned recording studio, located just 20 miles south of Paris—there are all the elements for the perfect Vincent Price, grade Z horror flick, embellished by some bizarre Arthurian details. There's the mast, the medieval gargoyles, the tower waiting to house a distressed damsel, four black cats—and right now, in the main drawing room, Ritchie Blackmore and his Rainbow are gathered for the evening's seance.

There've been a lot of these seances going on for the last few nights, lots of sports car driving and football playing, too. And occasionally, when no one is compelled to follow singular impulses, Rainbow actually condescend to go up to the studio to work on their forthcoming album, to be released late in the year.

But luckily the band can afford to take their time with this one. Filling the void, in the meantime, is Rainbow's first live disc, *On Stage* (Oyster), a double set that should establish them as one of the top heavy metal bands today.

"We had originally just planned to release it as a bonus in Japan," explains Blackmore as the clock nears midnight.

"But when we heard it, we figured it was good enough to go over everywhere else."

As in his Deep Purple days, Japan is still the home of Blackmore's strongest fans. Yet to avoid the *Made In Japan*-Purple stigma, Rainbow has used some live tapes from Germany along with their last far east dates to make up the new album. Still, the project does hark back to his Purple days with its inclusion of a side-long version of "Mistreated," which originally appeared on the *Burn* album. "The reason we used it is simply because this is the best version of it that's ever been done," Ritchie explains. "The vocal is just tremendous."

"Anyway, Ritchie felt the song was more *his* than Purple's," adds lead singer Ronnie Dio. "It fits perfectly in the set because we needed something slower—a bluesy kind of song to break things up."

The rest of the album, though, is all strident rockers, with an overall effect not unlike shoving a lit stick of dynamite in each ear. Songs from the first Rainbow album dominate, highlighted by an extended version of "Catch The Rainbow," featuring a ten minute blow by Blackmore that rivals anything he carved in Purple vinyl.

The only new song on the album is the opening cut,

Ronnie Dio (below) is an adept singer and perfect complement to Blackmore's rougher-edged playing.



Blackmore, Powell (below) and Dio are Rainbow's heart, but the band thrives on creative combat, says Powell.



"Kill The King"—a speed-of-light rocker in the mold of "Highway Star" or "Fireball". "That song was written especially for the stage show," Dio explains. "It's about a chess game: just the basic idea to checkmate the king or kill him, but you can read into it whatever you want. Maybe people will see it as a medieval king being assaulted by the pawns or rooks."

Perhaps the most important function of the live album is that it stands a good chance of breaking the band in America, the only part of the world over which Rainbow does not yet reign supreme—although their upcoming tour in late Summer may just change all that. "America is strange," Ritchie affirms. "Our personal appearances go down well but we get no radio play. They don't like to play songs as fast as ours."

But Ritchie and Rainbow refuse to radically alter their style, though some minor compromises are already taking place with this new studio venture. Up in the tower room, Ritchie and Ronnie work the vampire shift (midnight to dawn) trying to get down the vocal to what may be their most saleable song yet, "Long Live Rock 'n' Roll". Meanwhile the rest of the band hang out in the game room, telling horror stories and repeating Monty Python routines. Each member likes to retain a certain amount of privacy here, for though the band work well together, hanging around in the same ghostly castle for weeks on end can drive even the most congenial rocker bonkers. "The individual members of this band aren't the most tactful people," drummer Cozy Powell warns, momentarily diverted from his motoring magazine. "Things can get pretty heavy around here. We're very intense people and that's why the music is the way it is."

"I think the key to this band is our *aggro*," keyboardist Tony Carey adds, sucking on an overripe grapefruit. "We all hate each other's guts, but it just makes for more creativity."

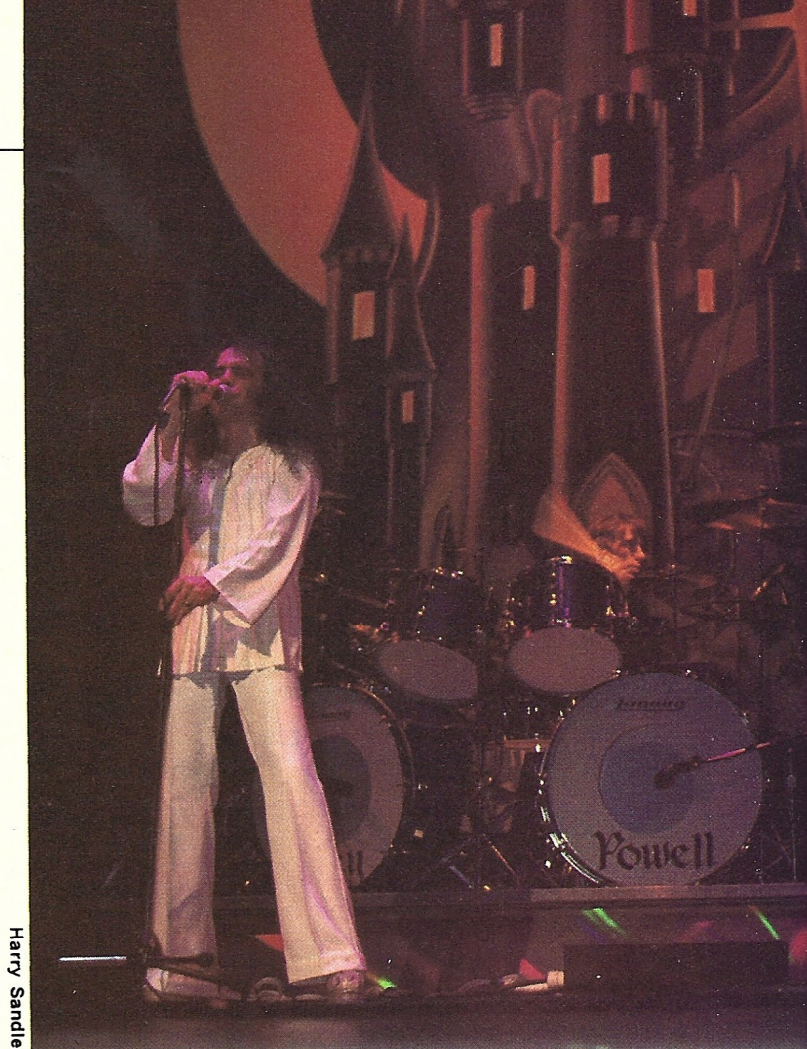
Tony himself has had his share of highly publicized battles with Ritchie's famed moodiness, but after a threatened departure last year he now seems firm in his commitment to the band. Still, Tony's musical interests extend far beyond the type of molten metal Rainboy now spew forth. Up in his room he has hundreds of tapes of classical and folksy work that may someday find an outlet in a solo career.

Cozy also has interests outside the band, mainly car racing, demonstrated to *Circus Magazine* by a hair-raising 140mph Ferrari race to hell along the walled backstreets of France. "I don't need rock & roll," Cozy openly admits. "When I'm in the band I give my all, but if it all stopped tomorrow I wouldn't lose any sleep. The cars will overtake me sometime I'm sure."

Sharing Cozy's interest for racing is bassist Mark Clarke, the ex-Uriah Heep, Natural Gas, Coliseum rocker who recently replaced Jimmie Bain and makes his debut with Rainbow on this next album.

It's vocalist Ronnie Dio, though, who seems the most in tune with leader Blackmore, sharing Ritchie's penchant for medieval lore and spiritual research. "I wish I had lived in King Arthur's time," Dio admits, back in the gameroom after a grueling recording session. "I only wish they had flushable toilets. I've read all the original legends, it's a great escape for me. When I write songs I isolate myself from what's going on and revert back to medieval days. There's a track on the next album called 'Lady Of The Lake' that's based on these old legends. Ritchie's more into the medieval music than I am, but I think our mutual love of the period is what originally brought us together."

Ritchie confirms this fact several hours later in the seance room, across the courtyard, apart from the others as usual. "I often like to pretend I'm holding court in some castle," Blackmore admits, as a Chopin sonata tinkles away in the background—most appropriate since this castle is supposedly haunted by the composer's spirit. Dressed in customary black, looking somewhat like a



Harry Sandler

'On Stage' wasn't initially intended for US release, but the demand grew stronger as foreign audiences raved.

drowned rat in these wee hours, Ritchie admits to being every inch the schizo the press has portrayed him to be. "I am as moody as everyone says," murmurs Blackmore in hushed tones that seem to mimic some old druidic chant. "I quite often find myself being the outcast but that's the way I want it. I'm glad to have the image of the mystical man in black because it keeps the idiots away. I find most people boring. I abhor making conversation. I realize I should enjoy life and laugh—I don't laugh very much. I *do* laugh at silly things—like if someone falls down and breaks their neck I find that very funny."

Here Blackmore lets out a surprisingly boisterous laugh which seems to transform him into a different man. "Everyone says I'm mystical but it's not true," he continues in a decidedly mystical tone. "It's just if you don't say much and wear black everyone thinks you're mysterious. I *am* interested in the occult and magic. My guitar playing is like magic. But I'm very religious as well. I'm a firm believer in God and I feel when I'm playing at my best, it's his gift and I'm proud of that fact. There's other times when I feel like I shouldn't be playing at all, like I should be a baker or something. My playing sometimes is very uninspired and I sound just like any other guitarist. Guitar playing to me often sounds very tedious. I like to listen to organ players a lot. I think E. Power Biggs is great. His music seems to come from the soul. Guitarists seem to play in stereotyped thirds—except for Jeff Beck and Jan Akkerman, I can't listen to them. Most guitarists are just Hollywood stars."

Ritchie, on the other hand, remains one of the most intense six-stringers currently playing, and now with the new line-up of Rainbow he finally has the control he's always sought over his final live and recorded sound. "Too much control can be bad," Ritchie warns. "But with this



band I think it's better."

Yet Blackmore still has doubts about his current musical line-up. "It would be very easy for me to sit back and say, 'oh yeah man, this new band is going great,' but it's not. Life is always a struggle, a constant worry."

Ritchie feels equally unsure about the material planned for the new album. "I can't really tell how it's going. I'll know better in two years when I'm drunk. I can only hear things in perspective when I'm really drunk in some bar. When I hear old Purple things in a bar some are valid and some are just disgusting."

"As you can tell, I won't be my own publicist. I'm not interested in promoting myself. I don't care about being in a top band anymore. It's nice but I've done that already with Deep Purple. If you're successful you become predictable. I like to be the underdog sometimes. I like to shock people by coming up from underneath. I like to shock people to see their emotions. I contradict myself all the time because I don't see any validity in words. I just like shock statements."

A short while later, just as everyone's about to drop off to sleep, blood curdling screams shake the ancient castle, followed by ghastly moans that sound like they're coming from someone who just got his gonads stuck in the dicing machine. A quick jolt down the stairs finds the sounds emanating from a tape recorder lying in the foyer, obviously placed there by Mr. Blackmore himself. Ritchie stands nearby, a triumphant grin on his face. "Like I said," he smiles. "I always like to shock people."

The newly constituted Rainbow are Cozy Powell, Ritchie Blackmore, Ronnie Dio, Toney Carey and Mark Clark.



Claude Gassian

Professional musicians know it pays to buy quality gear... no matter what it costs



Lynyrd Skynyrd

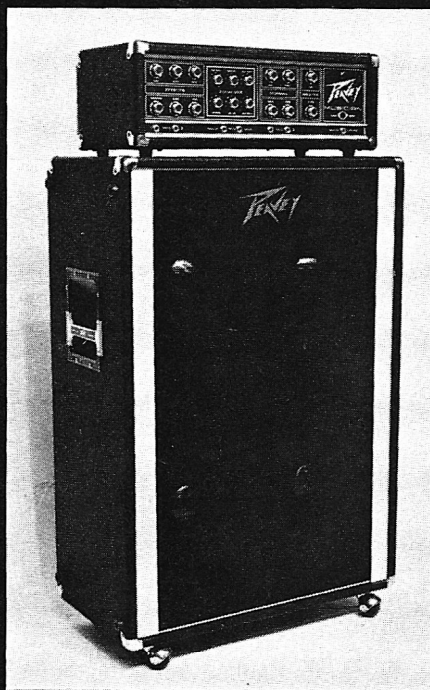
Many times the aspiring musician, guided by inexperience and a certain amount of ego, will pay well beyond what he can reasonably afford to pay for sound gear. He thinks the more he pays, the more he gets. The professional knows that this is not necessarily true, especially with sound equipment. That's why so many guys who make their living playing music buy Peavey. The quality craftsman-

ship and reliability is always there, at honest prices, whether it's a small guitar amp or a large commercial

sound reinforcement system. Peavey is world famous for performance and reliability, but the name costs you nothing.

If your ego is used to spending more than it has to for quality equipment, deprive it and plug in with the pros.

With Peavey, you may have to pay quite a bit less to get the best. . .but if you're serious about your music, you owe it to yourself.



"Creating Value Through
Innovative Technology"

A Heart's Delight

The Wilson Sisters Paint a Portrait of Their 'Little Queen'

by Toby Goldstein

Hearth's second album is called *Little Queen*, but sisters Ann and Nancy Wilson are two very down-to-earth ladies . . . who just happen to be leaders of a staggeringly successful first time out rock & roll band. Their single, "Magic Man," and debut LP, *Dreamboat Annie*, tossed the group head first into the platinum sweepstakes. They came up winners, and in the process, switched labels, from the miniscule Canadian-based Mushroom over to Portrait, a fresh subdivision of the CBS empire.

"We had to leave Mushroom to save our art," declared Ann Wilson at her Seattle home, as she awaited the start of another national tour. "After what we'd been through, we feel tried and true about having Columbia behind us. There was all kinds of vulgar publicity about Nance and

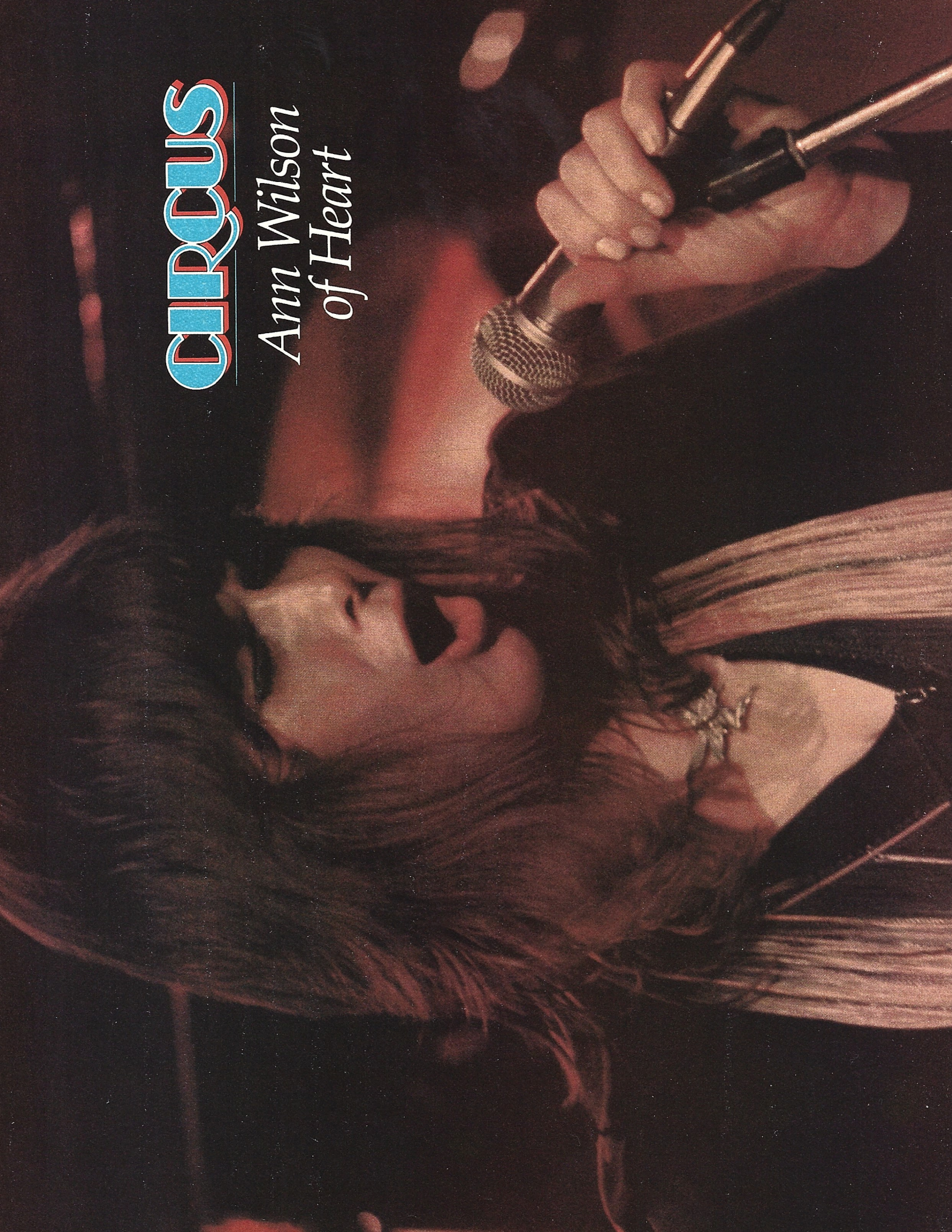
I that was used to sell the stuff . . ." Anyone in a room with the Wilson sisters for more than five minutes realizes that raucous caricatures of women on the road to rock couldn't be further from their case. Ann, dark haired, energetic, and beloved of vitamins, speaks as dynamically as she sings. Younger sister Nancy is almost saintly, certainly demure, with her slim figure, long blonde hair and neat, controlled lead guitar work. The Wilsons would make a perfect painting as sweet-looking folkies, but instead chose to conquer the hard-core world of electronics. And even more remarkably, they did it in style.

Dreamboat Annie was a peculiar mixture of a four-member Heart band, fleshed out somewhat methodically by studio musicians. *Little Queen* is a much more unified effort, says Ann. Drummer Michael Derosier and keyboard player Howard Leese have joined Heart as permanent

Heart are, from left below, Michael Derosier, Nancy Wilson, Steve Fossen, Ann Wilson, Howard Leese and Roger Fisher.



Charles Kuhn



CIRCUS

*Ann Wilson
of Heart*



Neil Zlowower

Peter Mazel

members, and their contributions are immediately recognizable on the new album.

"Everything's played by band members, except an excerpt from the Seattle Symphony Orchestra," says Ann enthusiastically. "Mike Flicker produced us again, and we concentrated on the feel and spontaneity this time. The basics were all done live, with a minimum of overdubs on the songs.

Little Queen carries on with the theme closest to the Wilsons—how women and men get along (or don't) with each other. The sisters frequently draw on their own observations of the rock'n'roll scene, and first came up with their gold single of "Magic Man." "Little Queen" similarly peeks beneath the glamorous exterior of road life to the loneliness underneath. "Hot on the presses today/ making your passion play/ (but) nobody knows your melancholy mind," says the song. Its thoughts have verged close to reality for Ann and Nancy, who force themselves to understand the lifestyle of their male band members. "These guys in the group must get tired of putting up with our emotionalism," Ann recalled. "Simply, what Nance and I are into is the music, but it isn't always easy. We used to be related to in the same old ways until people got to know us." It also matters that Mike Fisher, who helps manage Heart, and Roger Fisher, who plays second lead guitar in the band are respectively Ann and Nancy's boyfriends.

"Nancy's singing a lead vocal on the album for the first time, called 'Treat Me Well.' She's always wanted to do it, but she was really scared and nervous. I'm just so happy for her. Her talent just needs exposing and practice. I think people will become aware of her ability more on this album." Heart will be touring extensively with the songs of *Little Queen*, but the road, Ann swears, will not be a repeat of the grueling experiences they had last year. Ten months without a break could wear down the happiest organization, and Heart proved no exception. "Now we'll

be doing three weeks at a time, coming back home and relaxing. It's a little bit more humane."

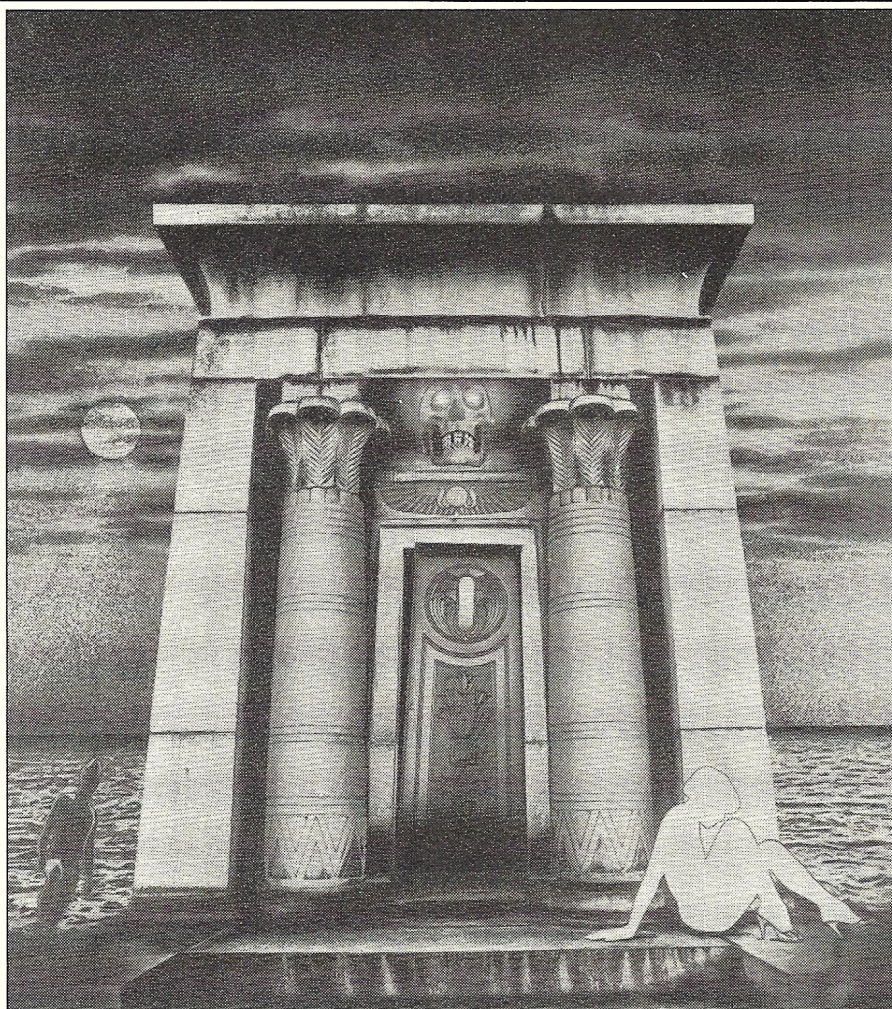
The awards given to *Dreamboat Annie* made Heart's follow-up work well-planned, to say the least. But whether or not *Little Queen* tops the first LP's 3-million sales doesn't concern the band to the point of interfering with their creative powers. Ann comments, "It's such a weird feeling—if a painter does a really neat painting and he has to create the next work out of fear, that's a drag. We try not to compete with ourselves; every album is the first one for us.

"I think that 'Barracuda' will be a good single, and so will 'Little Queen.' 'Love Alive' might be a mellow single. And then there's a lot of stuff that wouldn't lend itself to a commercial market. 'Dream of the Archer' has got mandolins on it. It's like a new mythology for this album. We really got bold to do that.

The comparisons between Ann Wilson and every punching rock & roll singer in creation are bound to continue on *Little Queen*, because the lady sings with so much drive.

"I'm always being compared to Grace Slick, which is ridiculous. I'd much rather be compared to Robert Plant," Ann laughs. She might just get what she's asked for when the audience hears a piece of "Kick It Out," the most hard-core rocker to have been added to Heart's repertoire.

She's got a real belter's voice that spits righteous fire on cue, and with sister Nancy now providing a lighter-intensity lead as an alternative, the Wilson sisters form a memorable team. Their projected touring will once again bring them across America, Canada and Europe in 1977, but you won't see hotpants, smoke bombs and a half-pound of makeup on these shining faces. Ann and Nancy Wilson, and Heart, have a golden demeanor and reflect an unbridled friendliness and sincerity. As they've practiced and preached since their tentative start in West Coast bars a decade ago, "We've always put ourselves in the public's hands."



JUDAS PRIEST HAS SIN FOR SALE.

Judas Priest, a new group from the industrial heartland of England, is selling sin on their new album, "Sin After Sin." But don't worry, you'll still be saved. It's pushing, driving, insistent music that dulls the brain but delights the senses.

Produced by ex-Deep Purple bassist Roger Glover, "Sin After Sin" explores a primitive electric energy which bubbles beneath the surface of contemporary English music. It's a diabolically attractive proposition.

"Sin After Sin," fiendishly ingenious sounds from Judas Priest.

On Columbia Records and Tapes.



© "COLUMBIA," MARCAS REG. © 1977 CBS INC.

For Love and Money

10cc Has Divided, Regrouped and Spawned A Hit-Producing LP, 'Deceptive Bends'

by Kris Nicholson

The release last month of *Deceptive Bends* (Mercury) brings back memories of the fateful fall of 1976, when it became apparent that 10cc's Eric Stewart and Graham Gouldman would finalize divorce proceedings with Lol Creme and Kevin Godley. For both fans and critics, that was indeed a sad occasion. With four albums, one classic American hit single, "I'm Not In Love," and a handful of British chartbusters to their credit, the union of the band's four minds had seemed a marriage made in heaven.

Though their last work together, *How Dare You*, had failed to produce a successor to "I'm Not In Love," the band's potential had yet to be fully tapped. Then it happened. Caught on the rebound of this creative lull, Godley and Creme became infatuated with the Gizmo, a special attachment they invented for guitar that makes the strings sustain and sound like violins. The Gizmo was subsequently named correspondent in the band's alienation of affections.

Godley and Creme were willing to try a trial separation—take a year off from 10cc to work on an album featuring their new contraption. Stewart and Gouldman were not smiling.

"It had been 13 months since 10cc had been in the studio," Eric explained. "We had a record contract to fulfill and we felt that the public were due another lot of 10cc material. We had to say that we were going in the studio to do it and carry on as 10cc. They responded by leaving."

In reality the split may have been more like desertion than divorce. It was not amiable. Both Graham and Eric were very upset. "We were more or less left in the air," Eric recounts. "We were under a helluva lot of pressure. The studio thing was OK 'cause I'd always been the engineer but it meant that Graham and I had to write a lot more material and come up with the production ideas."

Of course, the remaining two 10cc's did have some degree of confidence. They had written the successful "I'm Not In Love," as well as several of the band's other hits. "We also got a lot of mail from people in America and England encouraging us not to completely disband the group," Eric recalled. "We felt that 10cc had a lot to offer yet and it would've been madness to just give up."

And so, sometime in October, 1976 with four song ideas and a good deal of determination, Eric Stewart, Graham Gouldman and the group's second drummer Paul Burgess retreated to Strawberry Studios to record the band's fifth album.

At the end of January, while putting the finishing touches on the disc, destined to be titled *Deceptive Bends*, 10cc released a single, "The Things We Do For Love." It has since gone gold and become the group's best selling single, clearly re-establishing 10cc's pop identity and proving to the core members that they've got what it takes.

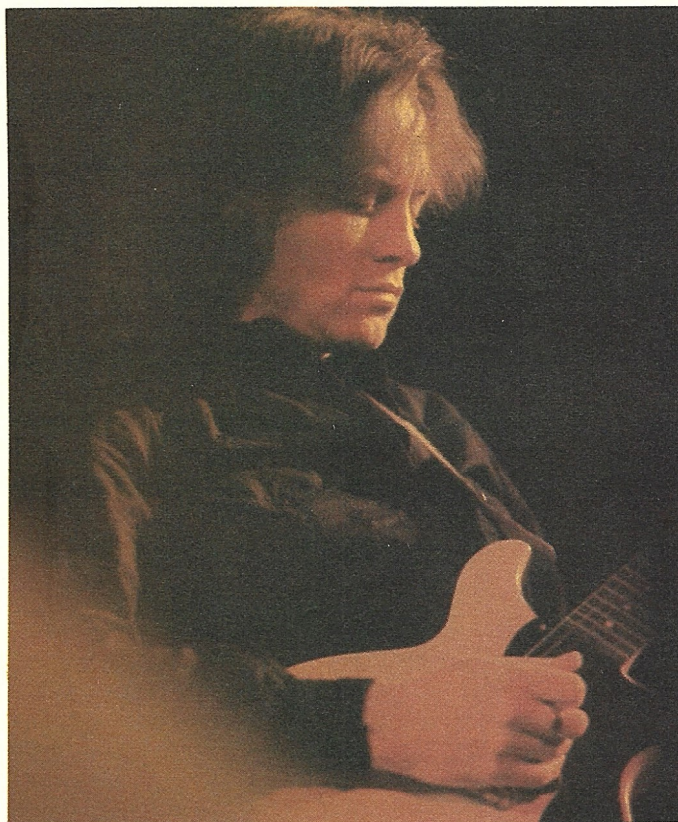
One of the curious quirks about 10cc is their continued

success with singles about "love." The majority of the group's works is comprised of tongue-in-cheek humor, like "Rubber Bullets," "Wall Street Shuffle"—and simple out and out insane songs like *Deceptive Bends*' "Honeymoon With B-Troop." When confronted with this peculiar twist Eric murmured an amused, "Strange . . ." and Graham admitted with mock seriousness that there will always be the temptation to keep the word "love" in their single titles. "It's a shame. 95% of our songs aren't about love at all. We write about anything and everything." Though the singles are not lyrically definitive, Eric and Graham are obviously not complaining.

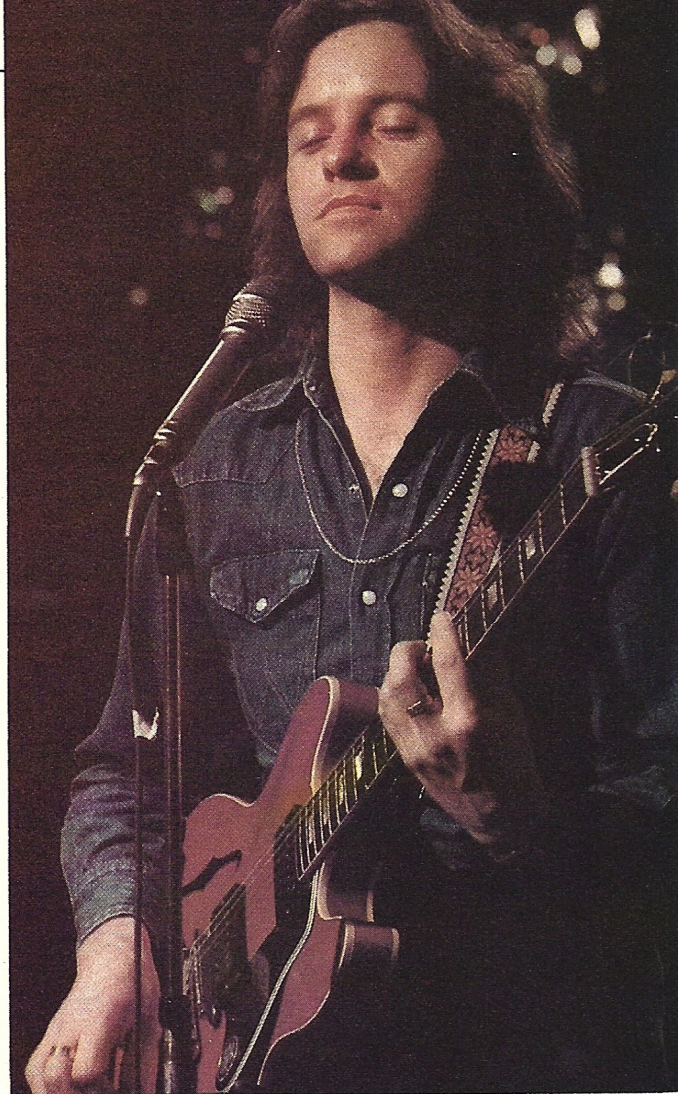
The new album is named, however misleadingly, after a road sign Graham sighted on the road from London to the studio in Dorking. "It struck me as a rather unusual phrase for the Ministry of Transport to use. It's very English, but then it's in a very English part of England."

Likewise, the seemingly obscure album cover depicting various photos of Eric and Graham decked out in deep sea diving attire connects to another obscure but sensible concept. As Graham suggests, "The bends is a term used to describe the condition you experience when you get too much oxygen or nitrogen in your blood when you surface from the water's bottom too quickly. It's called 'rapture of the deep,' and you hallucinate."

Ludicrous cross references abound on the LP's subject matter. "Honeymoon With B-Troop" is a briskly paced episode laced with Eric's hot licks and inspired by the guitarist's memory of a newspaper article about a scout



"*Deceptive Bends*" was a peculiarly British road sign notation on the way from London to the studio.



Eric Stewart's band of good-natured cynicism and humor appears throughout 'Deceptive Bends'—not on the singles.

London Features Int'l.

leader whose honeymoon coincided with summer camp sessions. You guessed it, the title is self-explanatory.

"I Bought A Flat Guitar Tutor" is a cool shuffle full of musical puns; and, the idea for "You've Got A Cold" materialized at Amsterdam Airport when Eric started sneezing in rhythm. These fellows always pay attention.

Aside from the pair of serious love songs, the album's three part "Feel The Benefit" is *Deceptive Bends'* piece of profundity, or what might in all sincerity be called 10cc's Utopian vision. Eric comments, "It's a reflection of the life of one person," and digresses, "Though the first piece,

The new 10cc are (clockwise, from lower left) Paul Burgess, Eric Stewart, Graham Gouldman, Tony O'Malley, formerly of Kokomo, Stuart Tosh, and Rick Fen.



'Reminisce and Speculate,' is really going back to our childhood. Our mothers used to say to us after we'd come in with our coats on, 'Don't keep your coat on in the house, you won't feel the benefit when you go out.' Then we wander off on a tangent and ask what it would be like if we all went out without our coats on. Well, you get the idea.

"The person in this story is very dissatisfied with himself. He's travelled all over the world and not really found anything that suits him. At this point the music shifts from orchestrated ballad to lively Latin tempo. We tell the song's character to forget about life and take a trip to Rio, get high and have a good time. He does that and when he gets back he's got an amazingly clear mind and begins to think about what he can do for the world.

"We had this vision of everybody in the world singing

the song at the same time. A very idealistic vision, still it would be amazing, wouldn't it? It would mean that everything would stop: work, war. . . . We're talking about black and white people working together. The most important thing is that we see it happening through music.

"Obviously it was the *music* of people like Dylan and Baez that did more for the peace movement than any politician ever did. Though that all got very debased with the whole San Francisco, flower power trip and became suddenly cosmic and slightly unhealthy. It was a shame, 'cause there were a lot of great artists with nice things to say and no one wanted to listen anymore. Now, maybe they do again."

Sincerity is Eric's main concern when he talks about this song and these ideas. He feels somewhat that a handful of media cynics have been responsible for destroying a lot of good ideas before they've had the chance to get off the ground. "It's obvious that the prevailing apathy of the times has affected our music. We've shrouded our messages in imaginative and mysterious ways. I suppose, if *we'd* been a bit more honest with ourselves *we'd* have been more lyrically up front. But, it works on different levels with different people."

For 10cc, a European tour is next, followed by a month long American tour to commence in late July. A new band consisting of Paul Burgess and ex-Pilot Stuart Tosh on drums, Rick Fen on guitar and former Kokomo member Tony O'Malley on keyboards and vocals. Except for Burgess, the band is considered a touring band. Graham Gouldman hopes they develop as a group and makes it quite clear that both he and Stuart want to work as a group, and not as a fancy duo with back-up musicians.

In the future, Eric Stewart explains, *tentative* plans are brewing for a record built around the concept of a love affair followed from beginning to end—how, in a more general sense, love motivates us. A pre-occupation with love you ask? Yes and no. Love as a topic needs to be dealt with in new, expressive ways and if anyone can refresh the charts and hearts, most likely it will be 10cc. After all, the success of their "love" singles indicates they are fast becoming experts on the subject. Ah! The things love does for them!

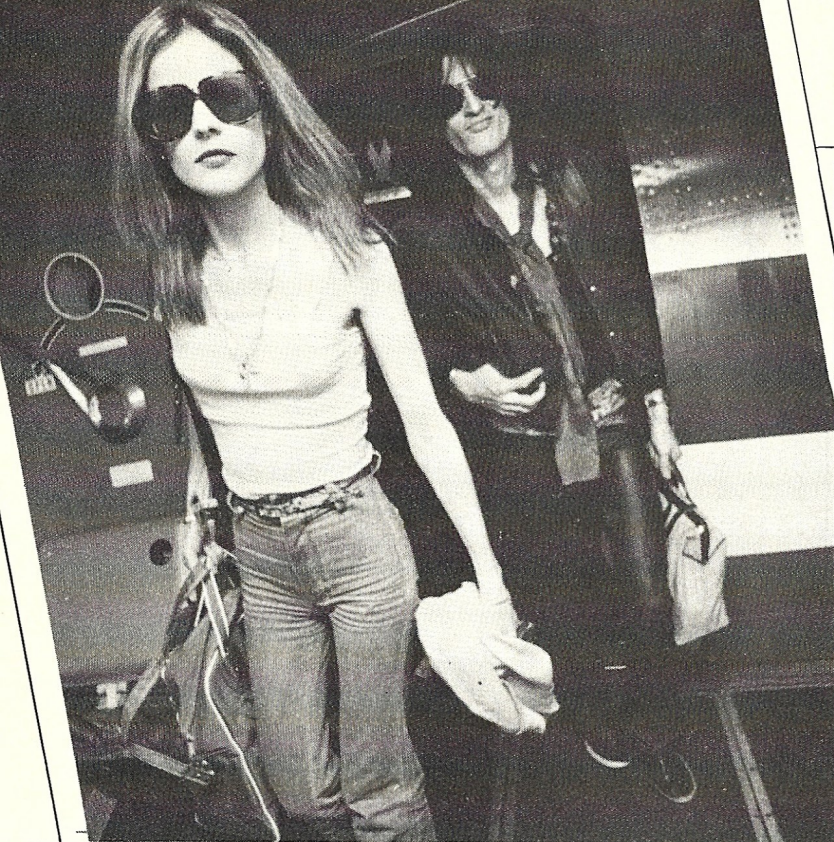


London Features Int'l



London Features Int'l

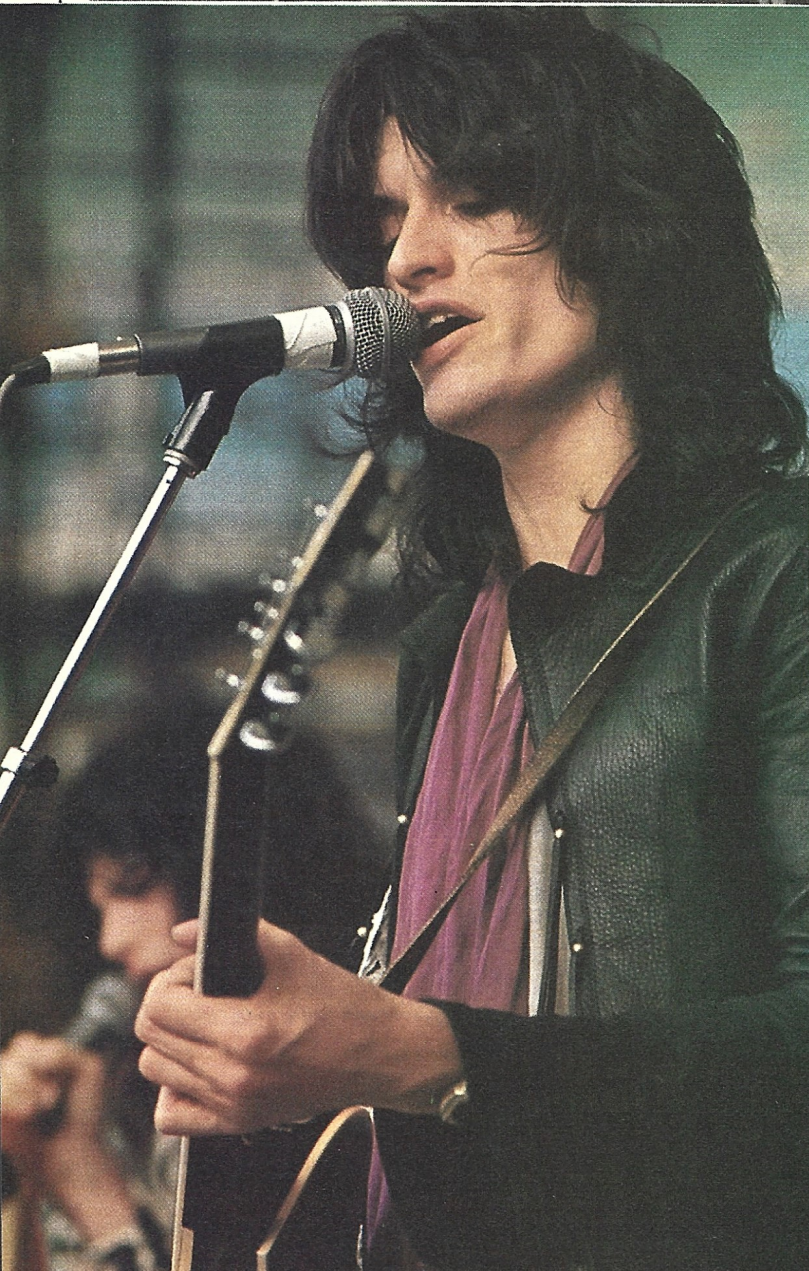
Stewart and Gouldman (above) took their half of the former 10cc and proved, with two hit singles, they weren't dead.



ROCK

The High and Low Life, Supergroup Spouses Elissa Perry,

ELISSA PERRY



LD: How did you meet Joe?

EP: I met him when he was making pizza up in New Hampshire, and I just walked over to him. I was about eleven, and I asked him for a free pizza.

LD: Did you get it?

EP: Yes.

LD: Do you like to go on the road? And can you remember any outstanding moments on tour?

EP: I've been on the road for about the last four years, so it's all kind of melted into a, like a—. I remember a lot of outstanding moments, but they're unprintable. We'd probably all be arrested. Some of them were with you. I like going on the road. I really don't have much choice. I mean, Joe likes to have me there. I only like going to places like Japan. I mean, Cleveland doesn't really turn me on that much. But I'd rather be with Joe on the road. If I stayed home, I don't think I'd be able to relate to him as well.

LD: Are you interested in music?

EP: Well, my father's a musician, so I was always around it, and I had music lessons from the time I was five 'til I was sixteen.

LD: What did you play?

EP: I played piano, and I learned how to read music. And I never wanted to know about a musician because I was on the road with my dad when I was really young. I used to go see him in clubs and stuff.

LD: How tuned in are you to Joe's music?

EP: I really like it if it makes a lot of noise.

LD: What does it do to you if you hear it?

EP: It doesn't turn me on like I want to rip-his-clothes-off turn-me-on. I like it when he plays really off the wall stuff because it makes me laugh. I like him to make me laugh.

LD: Who else do you like to listen to?

EP: Gene Vincent.

LD: Did you ever feel like you'd want to change and just live a normal life?

EP: No, I don't think I'm normal. Joe and I always, even before he was in the band, we were always kind of weird anyway.

LD: So it sort of caters to your lifestyle?

EP: I've never led a normal life, like nine-to-five type. I don't think I ever could have been in the secretarial pool.

Fin Costello/Reina

Elissa and Joe Perry met in a pizza parlor in New Hampshire and it's been an improving situation ever since.

WIVES

Part 2

On and Off the Road, With Lori Whitford and Bebe Rundgren

Interviews by Liz Derringer

We can't do normal things, like go to a movie without being bugged.

LD: It's all vicious circles?

EP: Yes, it's all vicious circles. Checks in the mail. I think that's a very useful statement. That's a phrase I never would have learned unless I was married to a rock star.

LD: Why?

EP: You know, the twenty-five lies of rock and roll—like when you're waiting for a check from your record company, and they tell you it's in the mail, but they haven't put it in yet.

LD: I've never heard that one. I'll keep it in mind.

LORI WHITFORD

LD: How did you first meet Brad?

LW: I met him through my sister who was going out with a friend of his. She was going to school here, and she knew the band, and I came up to visit my sister, and I stayed for a month.

LD: And fell in love?

LW: And moved back home and came back here and moved here.

LD: Can you recall any outstanding moments on tour?

LW: We were at the Edgewater Hotel trying to catch sharks. And then we heard there was one in front of Stephen Tyler's door, and we were out looking for the shark, but we found out it died in the bathtub.

LD: Who else do you listen to besides Aerosmith?

LW: I don't listen to rock and roll music, to tell you the truth.

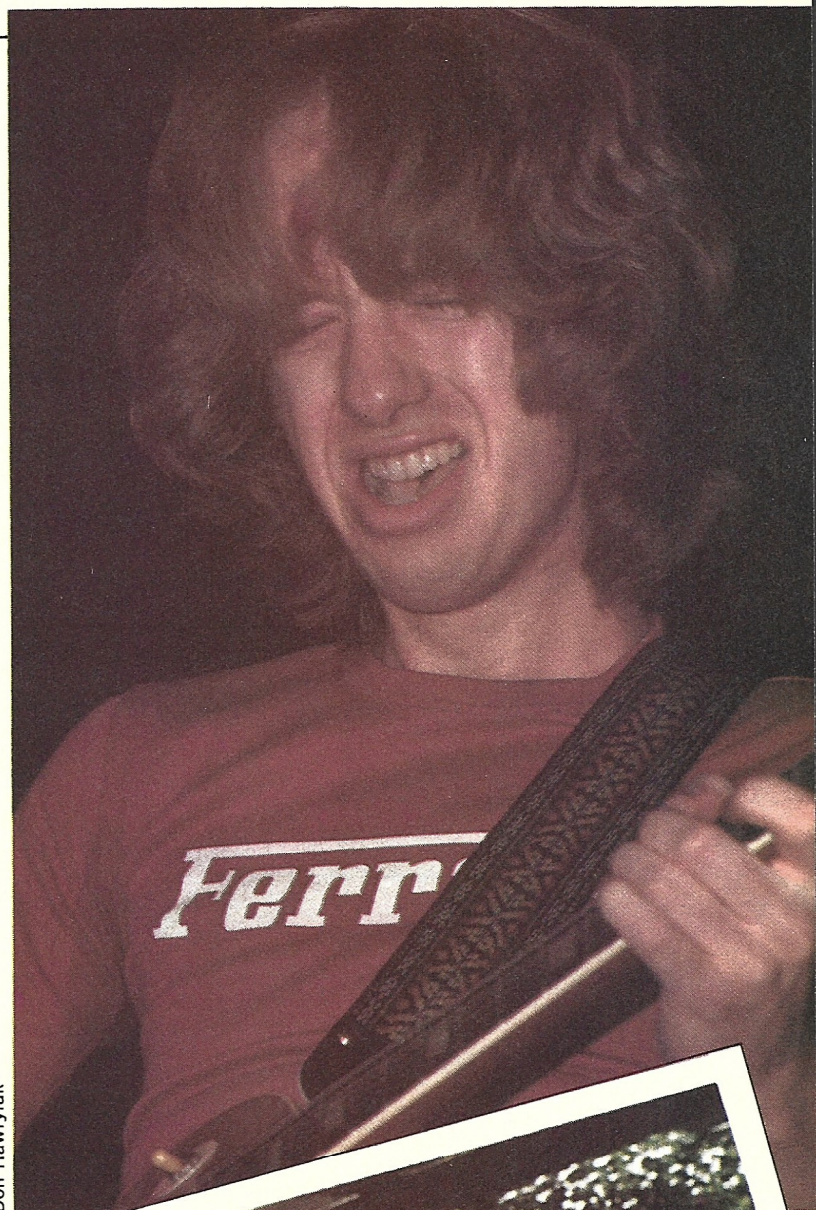
LD: What kind do you listen to?

LW: I listen to Fifties' oldies but goodies. Everybody thinks I'm crazy.

LD: How do you feel about the touring?

LW: It gets boring at times. I think it's difficult. I don't like going—well, you know I don't like going on tour with Brad all the time. There's a lot of hassles on the road. It's too confusing, and I don't like going one place and the next day getting up and going someplace else. At times, it's exciting, but after a while it's boring and monotonous. When we go out with good people and funny people who like to have fun, then we have fun all the time.

Most rock wives, Lori Whitford included, don't enjoy the roadwork, but do like the biggest, exotic gigs.



Don Hawryluk



BEBE BUELL

LD: How did you meet Todd?

BB: (LAUGHTER) I met Todd five years ago in New York City. My mother had just brought me there from Virginia—I was modeling for different fashion magazines. I was introduced to him by a man named Richard that owned a recording studio. Richard kept pictures of me all over his walls in the studio, and Todd had commented a couple of times, and he thought I was very pretty, and: "Who's that girl?," you know. But Richard kind of kept us from meeting each other because Richard, I think, liked me, but I'm not sure. I was only seventeen years old and a virgin. Maybe he was just being a protective mother, I don't know. But finally, one night Richard had to drop some tapes off to Todd, and he took me with him, because we were going to dinner afterwards and then to a show on Broadway. We were going to see "Man of La Mancha." And I met Todd that night, and then after that, Todd called me, and we started seeing each other, and then Todd took me to Florida with him when he was touring with Alice Cooper. He wasn't playing with Alice Cooper—he was just on the show. And then we fell very much in love. Todd was my first real boyfriend.

LD: How do you feel about groupies around Todd?

BB: It's really funny because groupies don't really hang around Todd. He just has a different image and a different rapport with his audience. I think that the kind of people who come around are not as much groupies as people who are really involved and into his music and into what he's into. I don't think that they come around for the sole purpose of getting fucked.

LD: What do you think of groupies?

BB: Well, I don't dislike them at all, because I think we've all been called groupies at one time or another, haven't we? It depends upon the approach, and it depends upon how they do it. If they're just trashy and they just come up to you and say, "Hey, baby, let's fuck," I don't like those kind. But if they are genuinely into the person that they're groupie-ing after, or if they're just hanging out because they want to know what's happening and they want to learn stuff and they want to be around the person that they admire, I see nothing wrong with it. I think groupies are pretty harmless. I think everybody's a groupie for something. I mean, women used to stand on seaports and wait for the guys to come in on ships. They were ship groupies. Do you realize that in hospitals there are chicks standing around at the back stage of the hospital door and waiting for the doctors to come out?

LD: Do you feel that this lifestyle as the wife, girlfriend or whatever of a rock star is what they say it's supposed to be?

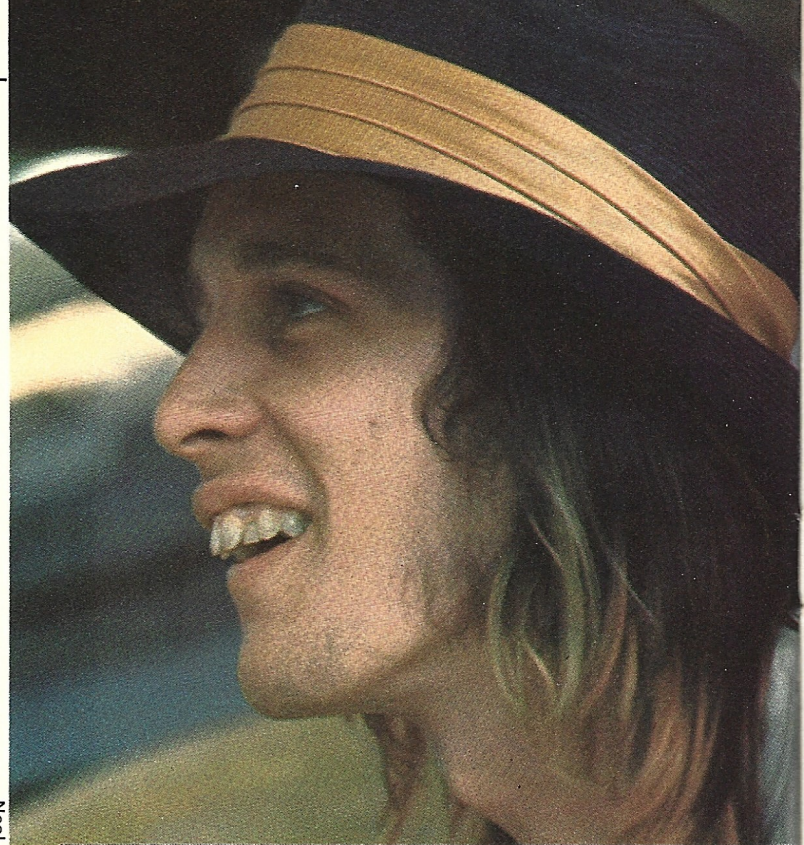
BB: Is it as glamorous as they say? Well, yes. I love being with Todd, and I love everything about it. You get spoiled. I don't think you could ever really go and live with a doctor afterwards, you know what I mean? I don't think you could ever live a so-called normal lifestyle after living this lifestyle.

LD: So you never feel like you'd want to change? You never look at some housewife and say, "I wish I could be like that?"

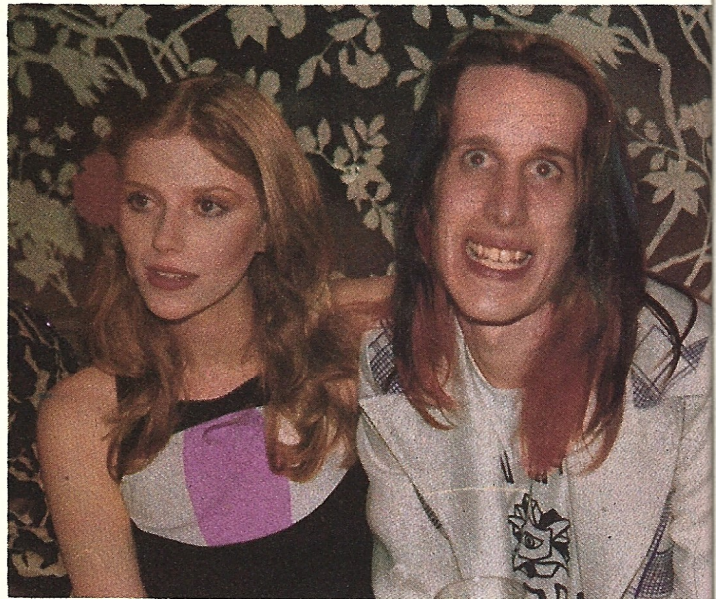
BB: I model, you know. I love Todd, and I go places with him, and I do everything. I don't limit myself. I think that's what this lifestyle allows for you—freedom to sort of do more than the average housewife. The average housewife can't pack up with her husband and go off to Europe for a tour, 'cause usually the average housewife's husband won't let her go.

LD: Let me just ask you this one question—about how Todd felt about you doing the centerfold for *Playboy* . . .

BB: I don't think he cared or didn't care. I just think he wanted me to do it nicely. I just think he wanted me to do it well. Todd has always, always let me make my own decisions, and he has always trusted my judgment and always felt that I would do the right thing. And he liked



Neal Preston



Bebe and Todd Rundgren met in New York. Says Bebe, who arrived as a young model, "Todd was my first real boyfriend."

it—I'm sure he likes the pictures. He thought the pictures were really nice.

LD: Do you have any difficulties being around rock & roll?

BB: There's only one thing that's kind of hard about being a wife or a girlfriend of somebody in this business. It's that really the only people that you really know are musicians. Do you know what I mean? They're constantly the people that are hanging around all the time because they're the people your old man likes to be around a lot. Unfortunately, you're thrown into a syndrome where all you're really around is rock and roll all the time.

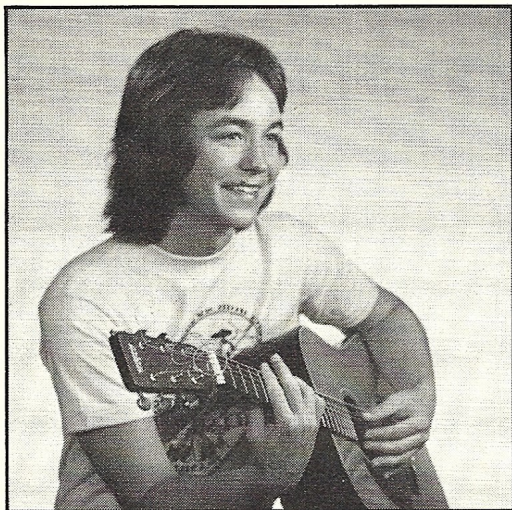
So the only people I got to know were people in this business. Since then I've broadened my horizon a bit, and I've gotten to meet some people in the modeling business and people in different types of music, and people in the arts. I've even got a friend who does acupuncture. ●

JOIN

THE SONGBOOK CLUB

NOW

FOR JUST \$1.00! and you will



Impress your friends; playing guitar is easy when you have our Songbooks. Thousands of professionals and amateurs alike are already members of The Songbook Club.

PETER FRAMPTON	BAD COMPANY
LED ZEPPELIN	JETHRO TULL
JACKSON BROWNE	ROLLING STONES
EAGLES	YES
DAN FOGELBERG	BEACH BOYS
JIMI HENDRIX	ROBIN TROWER
NEIL YOUNG	McARTNEY & WINGS
GARY WRIGHT	PAUL SIMON
BOB DYLAN	AMERICA
ELTON JOHN	JOHN DENVER
PINK FLOYD	RANDY NEWMAN
BLACK SABBATH	LINDA RONSTADT
KISS	JANIS IAN
AEROSMITH	STEVE MILLER
QUEEN	JONI MITCHELL
BOSTON	HALL & OATES
LYNYRD SKYNYRD	CAPTAIN & TENNILE
FLEETWOOD MAC	ZZ TOP
PLUS HUNDREDS OF OTHERS!	

You will be playing many songs by the artists listed above, as well as many others. In fact, our extensive catalog contains over 800 titles of music books.

- ★ Receive the updated **World's Finest Music Catalog**, FREE six times a year.
- ★ Be entitled to featured bonuses and specials as a member.
- ★ Never be under any obligation to buy anything at any time.

Learn to play the easy way!

Songbooks teach you how to play your favorite songs. Complete lyrics, guitar chords, piano music . . . all there in clear, easy to learn form. With our fantastic selection of songbooks and instruction books, you can learn to play guitar and piano without the aid of a teacher!

The World's Finest Music Catalog!

We keep a constant supply of all the items listed in our informative catalog, and most orders are shipped within 48 hours after we receive them. This assures fast delivery of your books. And, as new songbooks become available they are automatically added to the Catalog to keep you informed.

Shop from your own home!

Enjoy the convenience of buying your music books through the mail. Our huge selection of songbooks, instruction books, and books on music is better than you will find in any store; and with our regular sale and bonus items, you really can't afford *not* to join The Songbook Club!

THIS COUPON IS FOR YOU

Morninglory Music
P. O. Box 6407, Santa Barbara, CA. 93111

SCC

Please enroll me as a member in **The Songbook Club**. I wish to receive all of the great benefits listed above, and I understand that I will never be under any obligation to buy anything at any time. I enclose \$1.00 for membership costs.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

GIVE THIS COUPON TO A FRIEND

Morninglory Music
P. O. Box 6407, Santa Barbara, CA. 93111

SCC

Please enroll me as a member in **The Songbook Club**. I wish to receive all of the great benefits listed above, and I understand that I will never be under any obligation to buy anything at any time. I enclose \$1.00 for membership costs.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

The Outlaws Trade in Their Guns

'Hurry Sundown,' Produced by Eagles' Bill Szymczyk, Gives the Floridians a New Sound and Image

by Andy Edelstein

We've hit our peak with this one," emphasizes Outlaws' lead guitarist Hughie Thomasson about the group's third album, *Hurry Sundown* (Arista). "It takes us to the limit."

"You'll hear a distinct difference that will be a departure from the normal Southern rock band," promises rhythm guitarist/lead vocalist Henry Paul.

"Our songs are a lot more developed. And the production is *definitely* better," stresses Billy Jones, the band's other lead guitarist.

Would it be an understatement to say the Outlaws are excited like never before about *Hurry Sundown*?

Indeed, the enthusiasm expressed by the quintet's three guitarists seems almost contagious as they trade sentiments about the new album in their Boston hotel room, prior to a sold-out Orpheum Theater concert.

A large share of their raves is directed toward their new producer, Bill Szymczyk, best known for his inestimable work with the Eagles and Joe Walsh. Szymczyk recently opened his new Bayshore Studio in Coconut Grove, Florida and the first group to record there were the Outlaws, who trekked down from their homes on the other side of the Sunshine State.

"Szymczyk's made us sound a lot more like ourselves," explains Jones. "He added more bottom—a lot more bass and drums—giving us a lot more of a live sound."

As the Outlaws describe it, *Hurry Sundown* retains

much of the group's basic sound as heard on *Outlaws* and *Lady in Waiting*—an amalgam of edgy Southern rock and spacy California-style harmonies—but it has been embellished with several subtle differences.

"We tried to leave some of the country sound on the album," says Paul, "because we knew there would be people who would be looking for that in the Outlaws. But I don't think we tried to emphasize it like we did on the second album."

Thomasson mentions that Szymczyk has added for the first time several different instruments to enhance the group including banjo, pedal steel guitar, additional percussion, and synthesizer.

"I'd say his production ideas are a lot more in depth than Rothchild's (Paul Rothchild, producer of the group's first two albums and recently of Bonnie Raitt's successful *Sweet Forgiveness*)."

Also evident on *Hurry Sundown* are productive changes in several members' songwriting styles.

Paul, whose contributions have tended to reflect a country music bias, has composed a song called "Gunsmoke," (along with drummer Monty Yoho), which he describes as the "most rock & roll tune I ever wrote."

"Gunsmoke" has little to do with either Kitty or Marshall Dillon. Instead, as Paul explains when he introduces the song in concert, it's about "what happens when you go out looking for trouble on a Friday night."

"'Gunsmoke' was just my idea of what it might be like

Although Eagles' comparisons will be inevitable, the Outlaws musical growth reflects a changing Southern style.



to be involved in a situation where you just might have to end it right there," he observes. As something of a companion piece to show that he is more than a hellraiser at heart, Paul also penned a new ballad called "Heavenly Blues."

"Man of the Hour," the album's six-minute showcase number, also marks a songwriting switch for Thomasson, the band's resident rocker.

"It's a slow song, a ballad, which was a nice change for me because I've never written one before. I've always done all the rock & roll scream and boogie ones," offers Thomasson, who also wrote the album's title tune.

The Outlaws' newest member, bassist Harvey Dalton Arnold makes his debut on *Hurry Sundown*. Arnold, who replaced the band's original bassist Frank O'Keefe in July, 1976, contributed "So Afraid," a country-style tune and "Cold and Lonesome," which Paul describes as "an r&b-type thing, at least for the Outlaws."

Eight of the album's nine tracks were penned by the group's members. But it is the one non-Outlaw composition, "Hear My Heart Talkin'," a tune that was hand-picked for the group by Arista chief Clive Davis, that will be released as the single.



The Outlaws banded together in Tampa during the late Sixties; drummer Yoho is the only native Floridian.

"I mean, there was definitely a concerted effort on our part to put an AM cut on this record," Paul concedes. "We tried to stay within the band's ability, but we also tried to make sure that we had something that would be worthwhile on an AM level. We've never had a hit single, so why not try for one?"

Such calculating minds thinking of hit singles and AM audiences does not exactly mesh with the Outlaws' image as a rowdy, fighting band. For instance, "Southern Boys You Love to Stomp" was how *Rolling Stone* headlined an Outlaws article last year, concentrating on the group's alleged penchant for busting open heads. It turns out that this image, while not wholly incorrect, has been greatly exaggerated, according to the group.

"That 'fighting' image really got stuffed down our throats, man," Jones asserts. "That was another example of the Lynyrd Skynyrd syndrome—you know, 'here comes another bunch of punk rockers from the state of Florida.'"

"We never took to that image very highly. I think most bands get hostile when they're out on the road three or four weeks out of every month."

"We were just jivin' with this writer and he went and took several incidents and just blew them completely out of context," Jones points out.



The newly regrouped Outlaws are, clockwise from lower left, Harvey Dalton Arnold, Henry Paul, Hughie Thomasson, Monty Yoho and Billy Jones.

They admit, nonetheless, that they have participated in their share of melees, especially when the rigors of touring were new. Henry Paul was, in fact, involved in a brawl last year in Boston in which several stitches were required to close a cut over his eye.

"I don't think it has anything to do with the fact that we're not nice guys or not even civil human beings. But there are just tendencies in everybody to stand up for themselves at some point in their lives. We've gotten the idea that some people think that we're, you know . . . outlaws," he retorts.

Far from being outlaws or even residents of Arizona's Tombstone Territory, the band members are just five musicians who melded together in the late Sixties to play bar dates in the Tampa, Florida area. Thomasson, Jones, and Yoho (actually the only native Tampan in the group) are original members. They were joined in 1970 by Paul and last year by Arnold.

After barnstorming for six years through an assortment of Southern clubs, they were signed to Arista in late 1974. Their first album, *Outlaws*, featured their best-known tune, "There Goes Another Love Song" and a shortened version of their crowd-pleasing finale, "Green Grass and High Tides." A year later, they recorded *Lady in Waiting*.

And now, like the Florida sunset pictured on the jacket of *Hurry Sundown*, the Outlaws appear to be the picture of tranquility. Or do they?

"We've cooled off considerably now," contends Jones. "We've all beaten up our share of motel rooms."

When it comes to mobile stereo sound, a van has a lot more pluses going for it than a car. Acoustically, vans are constructed better for a sound system; the roof is higher, the walls are further apart and the back section offers a large space which is equivalent to a small room. A van's spacious interior gives you a fighting chance to set up the speakers in a way that will do justice to the sound.

In the search for that ideal sound with a van stereo system, we asked George Barris of Barris Kustom Industries for some hints. Barris has constructed custom interiors and sound systems for hundreds of vehicles, including Elton John's promotion cart, Farah Fawcett's new Corvette, John Lennon's infamous psychedelic Rolls Royce and Frank Sinatra's many cars. Most recently, Barris designed the Super Van, which makes its appearance in the movie of the same name. As Barris notes, stereo systems have come a long way since he installed a reconverted McIntosh amp, Lansing speakers, Panasonic tape cassette, one extra battery and a 1000 watt converter in Lennon's Rolls. Mini-circuitry has made possible the familiar 6x6 inch units which combine AM/FM radio with a tape unit.

Quad Sound For The Rear

Vans can take advantage of all the amenities offered by today's systems. They contain excellent possibilities for quad, or four speaker sound.

For the back compartment, the ideal placement for quad sound is two 6x9 inch speakers on the rear wall (or door) facing towards the front and two 6x9 inch speakers in the front, just behind the driver and passenger, facing towards the back and center. All the speakers should be about one foot off the ground and should face up towards the roof at about a 45 degree angle.

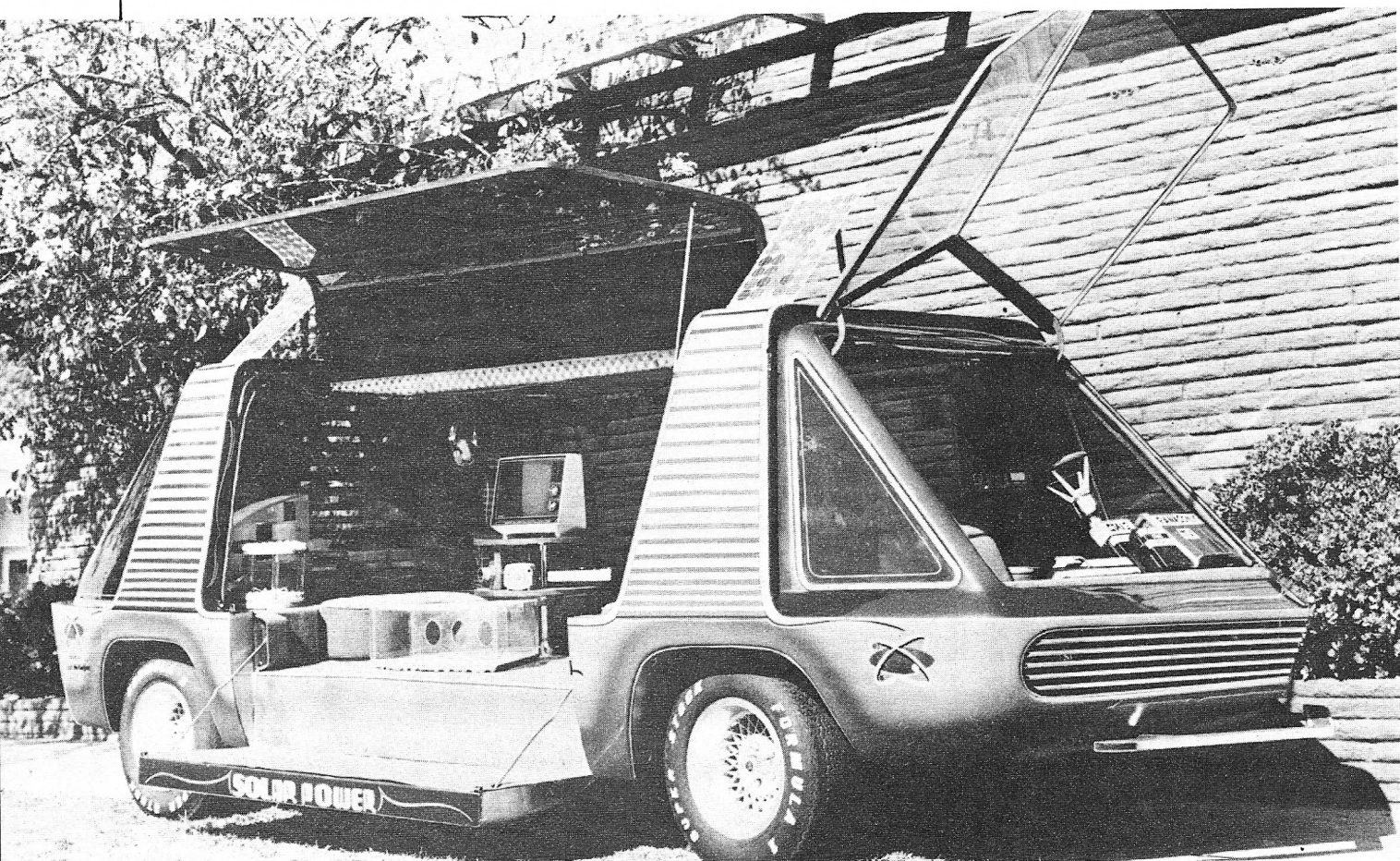
Stereo For The Front And Rear

For stereo sound which includes the driver and passenger, the best placement is two 5¼ inch speakers on the two front side doors and two 6x9 inch speakers in the upper rear corners.

Installation Tips

Always decide what you are going to do with your van interior before installing stereo equipment. When the van's interior is finished, with furniture and accessories in place, the "ideal" speaker placement must be modified so that nothing (or little) stands between the sound source and the listener.

Outfit Your Van



The Super Van is powered by solar energy. The van features a wide array of Panasonic video and Craig hi-fi gear.

Flush-mounted speakers (speakers installed in the wall) are better than the surface-mounted speakers (speakers screwed onto the wall). The reason for this is because flush-mounted speakers have the natural resonance of the van's body working with them and therefore tend to sound fuller. Car speakers sound more trebly than normal speakers anyway, and surface-mounted speakers don't help this situation.

When installing speakers in the doors, it is most important to check that the positioning of the installed speaker will not inhibit the window mechanism—make sure the window can be rolled up and down fully. Before you do any cutting, check to see if there are any wires which are in danger of being sliced. If it is possible to remove the door panel to find out the location of the wires, do so.

Most manufacturers of car sound equipment give away pamphlets explaining the step by step installation of equipment (i.e., Craig, Pioneer and Jensen). In their manual, "How To Customize Your Van," Consumer Guide includes a clear account of how to install a complete stereo system. The description is simple and adequate.

When it comes to drilling, some important tips are:

- When measuring the hole for door-mounted speakers, do not use the speaker as a template, otherwise the hole will be too large. For circular speakers, a compass will serve as a tracing tool. For other shapes, trace the speaker but cut the hole $\frac{1}{8}$ " to $\frac{1}{4}$ " of an inch smaller around the perimeter.

- When you drill the hole, make sure the window is rolled up.

- After the hole is drilled, file all the rough edges smooth and use a vacuum cleaner to remove the loose shavings. Otherwise, the small pieces may be attracted by the speaker magnet and find their way into the voice coil, eventually taking their toll on the speaker quality.

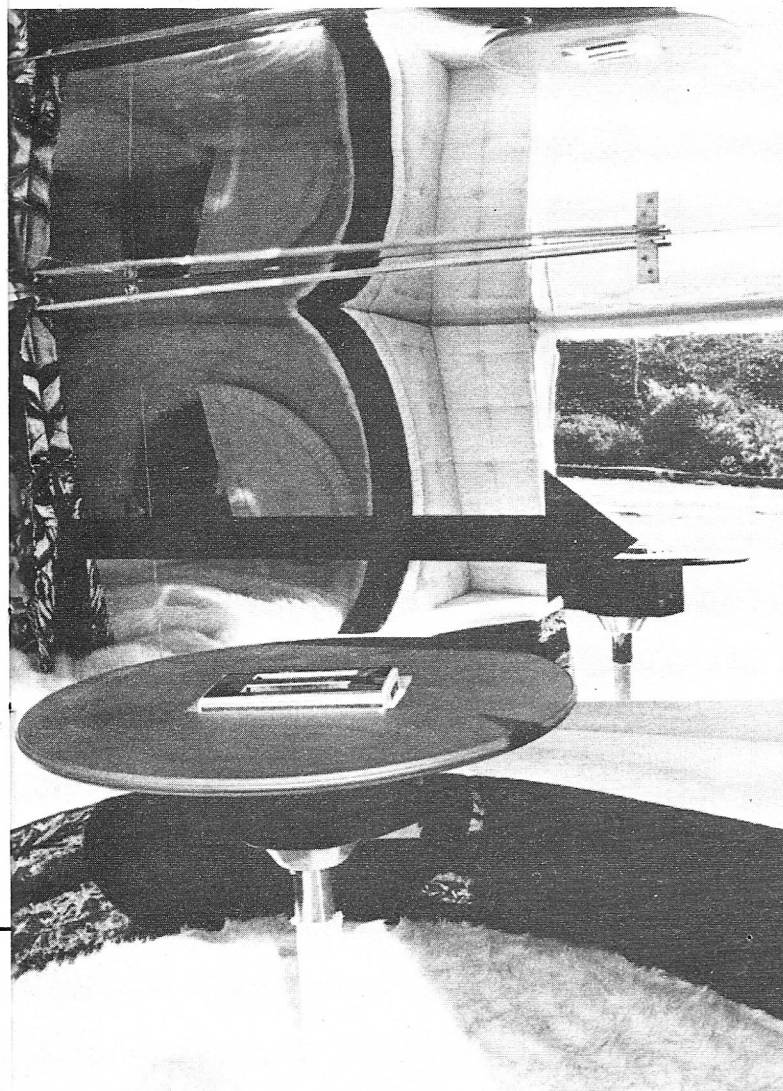
Overhead Console

As far as installing the actual unit is concerned, an alternative unique to vans is the convenient overhead console which can hold the cassette deck, radio, CB digital clock, tachometer and instrument gauges. Most van magazines advertise readymade overhead consoles but if you've got a do-it-yourself head on your shoulders, check out some vans which already have them installed. You'll find that the installation is not that difficult, and always open to the possibility of custom improvements.

For Stereo Sound

by Gary Graifman

The tape deck in the straight arrow van (Barris Kustom Ind.) is installed in the back table.



Most of the Super Van's controls are pushbuttons or toggle switches including controls for different lighting effects.



Rip Us Off!

Twice the News at Half the Price.

When was the last time you picked up a magazine from the newsstand, read 5 minutes worth and tossed it in the trash can? What a rip-off! That's the story with other magazines, it's a game of hit and miss. With Circus

Magazine, it's a whole different story.

Circus Magazine is a bi-weekly Rock & Roll publication bringing you the best in straight-on record reviews, in-depth interviews, fast-breaking Rock & Roll news and the latest in hi-fidelity systems and musical instruments in laymen's terms.

You won't find everyone reading Circus Magazine.

But then you won't find everyone listening to Frampton, Kiss, The Beach Boys and Bowie. But if that's where your head's at, Circus Magazine is where your head should be.

Rock & Roll is just one good reason to read Circus Magazine. There are others. Like the inside story of what it's like to get Busted for Drugs in Istanbul, a revealing profile on Superstar John Travolta, a serious look at Comedian Lily Tomlin, the Star Trek Comeback, a two-part article on Abortion, the sensational remake of the flick King Kong, and more.

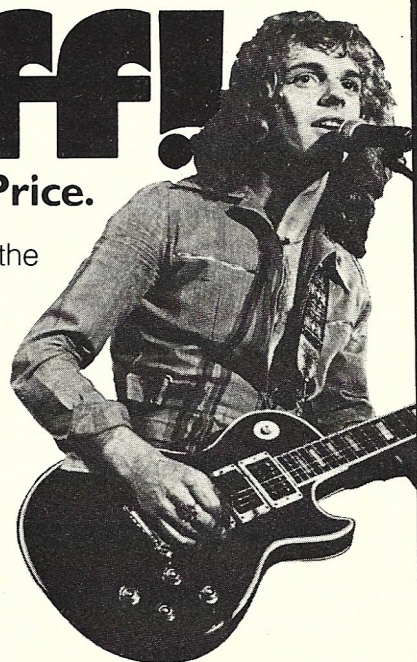
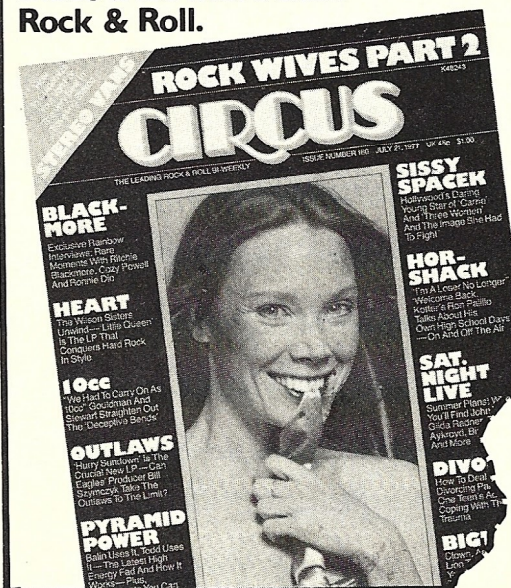
Ready for
Circus Magazine?

Circus is ready for you.

The next move is yours.

Subscribe today!

**The Rock & Roll Bi-Weekly Magazine
that's a lot more than
Rock & Roll.**



Rip this out.

CIRCUS Magazine... Just 42¢ a copy.

Circus Magazine is \$1.00 an issue on newsstands and 42¢ by subscription. You save \$15.00 off the newsstand price.

Please sign me up for this fabulous offer.

☐ 26 Bi-Weekly issues (one year) \$11.00

☐ 52 Bi-Weekly issues (two years) \$21.50. **and bill me later.**

I prefer to enclose my check and pay only ☐ \$10.00 for 26 Bi-Weekly Issues
or ☐ \$19.50 for 52 Bi-Weekly Issues

MR./MS. _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____ please print

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

MAIL TO: **CIRCUS MAGAZINE**
Box 4552 / Grand Central Station / New York, N.Y. 10017

A DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY

How One Teenage Girl Coped with Her Parents' Divorce

by Allison White

Roughly one out of every three marriages that take place in the United States this year will end in divorce. While that figure by itself is startling enough, the next one is a real mindblower:

More than 1.1 million children—kids under 18—will watch their parents go their separate ways before the end of the year.

How do you cope with the shock of a divorce if it happens in your family? What should you expect from your parents and how will they behave? How should you behave? What do you do if your mother or father decides to remarry and you've got a new stepparent to get along with?

These are tough questions, and the answers are not easy to come by. No one knows that better than a kid who's been through it. So Circus asked 17-year-old Allison White to talk about her experiences—her father has been divorced two times—and write her own set of guidelines for kids facing a divorce in the family.

I survived two divorces by the time I was 17. Although most teenagers and young adults may not face the same problems I faced, almost anyone can overcome the difficulties of a divorce the same way I have.

Many children have been brought up by parents who have lived together in the same home for a long time. The biggest blow falls when you're a teenager and you suddenly realize that your home is splitting apart.

You must realize that though this couple happens to be your parents, you cannot depend too much on other people for your own contentment. True, your life as well as theirs is being affected, but your parents' divorce is not

yours.

Never blame yourself. The divorce is your parents' decision, not yours, and supposedly they are responsible enough to make their own decisions.

After you've clearly thought out the cause of the divorce and can live with the fact that you—as a person—must carry on, you're still going to have a wide assortment of problems and different situations to face.

A very common problem is proving your responsibility as a young adult to whichever parent you wind up living with. Many times the single parent doesn't bother to issue any "freedom rights" to the children in the house.

You may find yourself having to live with a whole new set of rules where there weren't any before. In my case, it was as though my father was saying, "It's my house now and you're going to do things my way. I don't care what way you did it before."

Suddenly, when I used the car, or when I came home at night, or who I was with—they all became part of his new set of rules. I found that if I worked on these things gently, I would gain ground. You have to feel for the soft spots and find the most comfortable way to deal with the parent in this new situation. You have to earn his or her trust first.

Since you *have* to live with one of your parents, try to make the best of it. If you're not happy with the situation, it can be helpful to remind yourself that nothing is permanent. You can make of it what you want.

I was faced with living with my father alone in a big old house in a really hick town. I had decided to graduate from high school early and I did. I wanted to take some college courses to pass the time, and I do.

After a divorce, it is important to keep yourself going. Find things that will help you in some way, something that can hold your interest. It is important to start living for just yourself at this point.

One problem you often have to face is the ill feelings between your parents after their divorce. One parent may try to run down the other, and you will be caught in the middle.

When this happens, it is important to be numb to their insults and not to take them personally. Many times the anger meant for the other parent lands on an innocent bystander—you. Obviously, neither of your parents is angry or resentful toward you, so don't let yourself be bothered by their remarks.

Many parents who go through a divorce face a personal trauma, and their problems may be either imposed upon—or taken out on—an innocent bystander such as yourself. You are going to have to deal with this in some fashion.

In my case, my father had to talk out his problems with someone . . . anyone. He was practically pulling over people on the street just to talk over his feelings.

Unfortunately, I was around a lot, so I was the passerby. I listened to him once or twice, but then I began to realize that he just needed to talk to someone and that someone was not necessarily me.

At the time, I had problems of my own, and so, finally,

"Never blame yourself for your parents' divorce; it's their responsibility, not yours."



I got the point across to him that I was not willing to be the one to listen to him pour his insides out about his sex life or his financial problems.

It is *not* your duty to be a constant leaning post for your parents, as they sometimes expect you to. They have their own friends and access to professionals to whom they can talk. It is wrong for you to feel that you, as their son or daughter, have to act as their friend or therapist.

Obviously, there are a great many of these temporary ailments which occur after a divorce. Adults do not heal as quickly as children or puppies, but they do eventually overcome sicknesses, whether mental or physical. Keep this in mind as you live through their "healing period."

Sometimes the personality that emerge from this healing period is more difficult to deal with than the actual "bleeding period," which, most parents go through right after the divorce. Very often, parents become "new people" and indulge in a whole new way of living. This, too, may be imposed on you, their child.

Whenever you discuss things, you *must* present yourself as an adult in the conversation. Speak your piece in terms of logic. Very often, talking to a slightly twisted parent should be handled the same way you would talk to a younger child who needs everything spelled out in black and white and bold-faced letters.

One of the biggest problems you may have to face is how to handle a new step-parent. There are many ways of

handling this new and possibly difficult situation. There are many things to keep in mind as you feel out things.

Always handle things with a calm and sensible attitude. Nothing good ever comes from flying off the handle. You will be much more respected if you handle things in what is known as an adult fashion.

If you face the unfortunate, yet common, situation of not getting along with your "step," you should try to keep any conversation as simple and non-personal as possible. Avoid confrontations.

Although you may feel that any arguments with a "step" are not going to be damaging to you, keep in mind that your parent is apt to side with the newcomer.

However, how much respect you care to gain from your parent is entirely up to you. Decide what situations are all right for you to stand your ground on and act accordingly. This gets back to the idea of setting your own priorities and going by them.

Obviously everyone has to seek out the weakest points in their own home situations for themselves. Very often though, the same problems arise in every home affected by a divorce. If you can overcome the worst of these problems, you will have proven that you are strong enough to be able to deal with almost any serious problem logically. This is bound to help you later on in life.

One final word—it's best to keep your cool even when every one else has lost theirs. That way, you can never be accused of acting irrationally or childish.

Feeling caught between parents is one of the things kids find toughest about a divorce.



IF YOU WANT HELP

"If your parents' divorce leaves you feeling hurt, confused, lonely, angry, or depressed, the best thing to do is talk about it," counsels Dr. Arlene Richards, a psychologist and co-author with Irene Willis of "How to Get It Together When Your Parents Are Coming Apart" (published by David McKay Company).

Among the advice she offers:

Try talking with your parents themselves first; they're the people most directly influencing your well-being. If no help is to be found within the family, then try approaching a friend, relative, teacher, religious or school counselor, or doctor about your problem—someone who you think might understand.

You may find that you really want to speak to someone with special training—a social worker or therapist. There are many places to find this type of help, among them:

- ◆ The Family Service Agency in your area.
- ◆ The Bureau of Child Welfare.
- ◆ The Family Crisis Clinic of a nearby hospital.
- ◆ Your state and local mental health agencies.
- ◆ Catholic Charities, Federation of Protestant Philanthropies, or Jewish Child Care Agency.

Addresses and phone numbers of these organizations can be found in your telephone directory.

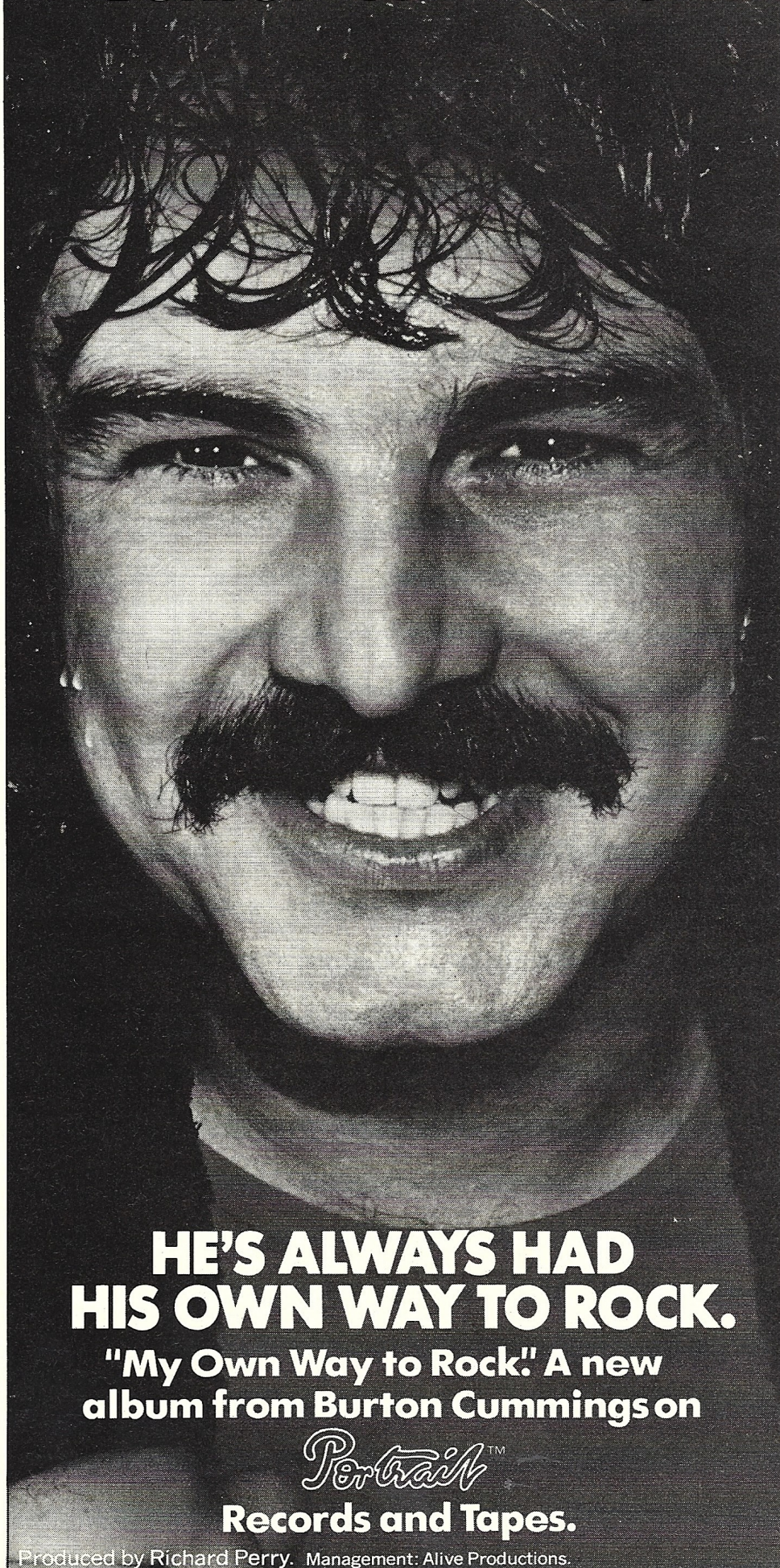
If it becomes apparent that you need ongoing, in-depth treatment to deal with your difficulties and you can't afford the expense of private therapy, the psychiatric clinic of a hospital can refer you to a professional whose fees will be scaled to your ability to pay. You can see these professionals without your parents' consent.

"One other important thing for kids to keep in mind," says Dr. Richards, "is that they have a lot of legal rights that they probably are not aware of. If you are unhappy with the way your wants and needs are provided for in the divorce or separation proceedings, you should make your feelings known to your local family court." Dr. Richards says that "going to a judge doesn't mean you need a lawyer," and she believes "most judges are willing and happy to discuss these matters with kids older than 10."

One final source of solace is close contact with persons who are in the same situation as you. The International Youth Council, headquartered at 7910 Woodmont Avenue, Suite 1000, Washington, D.C. 20014, is an organization for young people who live in single-parent families, for whatever reason. They can put you in touch with others who have shared the same experiences and problems.



BURTON CUMMINGS.



HE'S ALWAYS HAD HIS OWN WAY TO ROCK.

**"My Own Way to Rock." A new
album from Burton Cummings on**

*Portrait*TM

Records and Tapes.

Produced by Richard Perry. Management: Alive Productions.

Portrait is a trademark of CBS Inc. © 1977 CBS INC.

Tales of Horshack

Why Is Ron Palillo Banned From Disneyland?

by Salley Rayl

I still can't go to Disneyland," laments Ron Palillo, "They won't let me in." The 23-year-old actor, who plays the loveable but not-always-quite-with-it Arnold Horshack on ABC-TV's Thursday night smash, *Welcome Back Kotter*, leans back in a booth at Hollywood's famous hangout, Schwab's Drugstore, and contemplates the irony for a moment.

It's a case of good fortune, bad fortune. Each season, the TV industry releases TVQs (Television Visibility Quotients), statistical equations that determine the public's recognition of TV actors. Although the numbers are not supposed to be revealed publicly, word has it that in 1977 Ron Palillo ranked third among all TV personalities—damn impressive for an actor who two years ago was a total unknown. But at Disneyland, that lead to nothing but trouble.

"They wouldn't let me in," Ron chuckles—a much different, more subtle laugh than Arnold Horshack. "See, my mother came out last summer—she's this chubby little Italian lady—and I wanted to take her to Disneyland, so I called up for the VIP tour. The show (*Kotter*) had only been on two weeks and I didn't really think anybody would know me. I just figured it'd be really neat. I'd hire bodyguards that would get us into the rides through the back door, and my mother would be duly impressed. But they wouldn't let me in. They said 'Don't you play Horshack on *Welcome Back Kotter*?' and I said 'Yes.' They said, 'Well, we're not going to let you in, so forget about it.'" It wasn't that the Disneyland folks didn't like Horshack or the show. "I was like The Pied Piper. They thought I was going to cause riots," Ron scoffs, "Nikita Khrushchev and me." No matter how upset Ron appears to be, his tone is transparent; he's discovered the humor in being banned from Disneyland.

Today, Ron Palillo is feeling pretty good about *Kotter*'s success and, in particular, the credibility he's secured with the network. Some weeks back, a *Kotter* spin-off, *Horshack*, was aired following its predecessor and Ron says, "It kind of made history." It was the first time in two years that ABC was able to take the 8:30 time slot on Thursday night. While the ratings were "incredible" and the spin-off promises to be a success, ABC—for good reason—doesn't want Ron to leave *Kotter* and since it's near impossible for Ron to do both shows, *Horshack* is in limbo. But the spin-off, whether it goes on or not, was not without its rewards. "It gave me a certain credibility with the network that I don't think I really had before. Now, maybe they'll take a chance on my doing something dramatic," he muses.

Landing the role of Arnold Horshack was much different, much easier, than Ron had ever imagined. "I was looking for a job," he reminisces. "I had been doing *Hot l*



Ron Palillo has changed 'Welcome Back, Kotter's' Horshack from a clown into a real person.

Baltimore (Off-Broadway) for a year. I was playing a 17-year-old retarded boy (Jamie) and I found that I was coming out of the show the way I was in it. I didn't really want to go out for *Kotter*. I thought I was wrong for it. All I knew was that they were looking for four really tough kids from Brooklyn. I'm not from New York and I didn't think of myself as being particularly tough. I thought 'Why waste the time?' But my agent said 'Why not?' I had learned that when you go out for a part that you should try and dress as close to the part as you think, so I dressed as tough as I possibly could. When I walked in, they said 'If you can act, you've got the part.' It was like out of one of these '30s movies."

Taken from one of Gabe Kaplan's nightclub routines, Horshack and the other characters were created before the casting of *Kotter*, but the personalities were developed by the actors.

After he got the show, Ron started to think about Arnold Horshack—who he was, where he came from and why he was the way he is. "I didn't want him to just be this cardboard dink. I didn't want him to be the loser everybody makes fun of. There had to be a reason why he's the way he is, and I started thinking about what his family life must've been like. I decided that he probably *was* the smartest kid but because of the way he looks, because of his own self-image, he has taken on doing some really stupid things. But, he was always the one who came up

with the ideas. From there, I started building and made him an incurable romantic. He's always the one who feels sorry for everybody. Arnold tries desperately all the time, but he's the most vulnerable."

Caught up in his character's life Ron continues: "You know, high school's the worst. You're going through all those physical changes—puberty—the voice is changing—my voice has just started changing this year as a matter of fact," Ron laughs. "And you're thrust into this society you've never really been in before. Either you sink or swim. If you've gotta gimmick, you swim. If you don't, you sink like a rock. If you're a little bit different, you're thrown out of the group. I was thrown out of the group," Ron reveals. "I was part of the group, but they told me that if I didn't get off this acting kick that I should get out, so I opted to get out. I wanted Arnold to be accepted—on his own terms. I wanted people who are like Horshack to become accepted. Just because they're a little bit different doesn't mean they're not people. And everybody has known a class loner."

"I've gotten lots and lots of letters from kids who say 'Hey you know, everybody calls me Horshack in school and I'm starting to become part of the group.' That was the original intention, and it feels so good. Maybe not everybody's being accepted, but maybe they are a little more than before and that's terrific." And Arnold's changed a lot over the last two years. "He's gotten something he didn't have in the beginning," Ron says "and it's all because of Mr. Kotter and what Mr. Kotter has done for him. He's still got so much to learn, but he picks himself up everytime he's thrown down." Ron does more than talk about Arnold; he understands him. "I've created this person and he's really somebody else to me—I don't think of him as me anymore. I love him." And in his own clumsy way, Arnold has influenced Ron. "He taught me how to really care about people," says Ron.

It's an impulse he's always had, though. "I didn't become an actor to make money. I became an actor to entertain people."

For Ron Palillo, "entertainment" applies to drama as well as to comedy. He was originally trained as a Shakespearean actor, and he wants to continue doing dramatic roles. In fact, during his spring hiatus from *Kotter*, he returned to his alma mater, the University of Connecticut, to do a week-long revue, *Shakespeare's Other Side of Love*. It was a benefit performance with proceeds going to the Nafe Katter/Ron Palillo fund for actors.

Nafe Katter, interestingly, was an important man in Ron's life. "Dr. Katter is my Mr. Kotter," Ron explains. "He taught me everything. I always felt that if I went anywhere, I wanted to do something for him, and this was the best thing I could think of."

Acting isn't the only thing that keeps Ron busy artistically. He's also become a serious, though only occasional, painter. His art, while still a very private thing, has blossomed, too. He even worked on color illustrations for a children's book on opera, but when *Kotter* went back into production, Ron was unable to finish the set.

Ron's life hasn't changed all that much since the ill-fated trip to Disneyland. He lives in a bachelor's delight of a house up in the Hollywood Hills. An avid soap opera fan, he recently invested in a video-tape system so he won't miss an episode while he's at rehearsal. As for his own outside entertainment? "If I want to go to the movies, I go in the middle of the week to the 10 o'clock show," he says, "and I can't go shopping in Beverly Hills because all the little rich kids come poking at me and tearing my clothes and stuff. Outside of L.A. is really incredible—from hotel help to the kids and adults that live in the hotels. There are always knocks on the door." But Ron doesn't seem to mind that much. "They don't expect Horshack anymore." In the beginning, it was Horshack, not Ron Palillo, walking down the street. "People would walk up," Ron recalls, "and say 'Hey, Horshack, laugh!' It was freaking me out a lot. People would look me straight in the eye and say 'Laugh!' But now the amount of people that just come up and say 'Thanks' . . . that's the best thing. Just to hear somebody say 'Thank you.'"



Shakespeare, too: Thespians Ron and Suzanne Leonard.



"Cabe Kaplan let us all create our own characters," Ron says. Horshack did well enough to draw record ratings for his own show.

Non-Stop Power-Pop

PEZBAND

PEZBAND



PEZBAND IN HOLLYWOODLAND

"The void left by the Raspberries' breakup hasn't been contemporary music's most pressing concern, but those who hailed that group as a refreshing island of pure pop consciousness can take some heart in the arrival of the Pezband. The quartet combines melodic pop, reflecting the McCartney side of the Beatles, with a hard, controlled attack powered by solid chording and squealing, Who-like overtones.

If groups like Blondie, the Hollywood Stars, and now the Pezband actually constitute a movement that can finally wrest some radio play from the Fleetwood Macs and the Eagles, it could turn out to be more than mere revivalism."

— Richard Cromelin • Los Angeles Times

PEZBAND On Passport Records
Produced by Stephan Galfas
Marketed by ABC Records and GRT Tapes

POSTERS

- FULL COLOR-22"x34" \$3.75 each
- DUO-TONE-20"x25" \$3.25 each
- ▲ FULL COLOR-12"x18" \$3.00 each
- HAND SCREENED ON SILVER MYLAR-20"x25" \$4.50 (postage included in prices)
- DEAD KISS ■■■
- JAGGER AEROSMITH ■
- COCAINE QUEEN ■○
- CAT STEVENS JEFFERSON STARSHIP ○
- JAMES TAYLOR BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN ■■
- FRAMPTON FLEETWOOD MAC ■▲
- MARK FARNER HARRISON & CLAPTON ■
- BETTE MIDLER PAUL McCARTNEY ■
- ▲ DOOBIE BROS STEVE MILLER BAND ■
- ALLMAN BROS BAD COMPANY (LIVE) ■
- JIM PAGE STEVIE WONDER ■
- LEON RUSSELL EDGAR WINTER ▲
- MARC BOLAN ERIC CLAPTON ■○▲
- ROBERT PLANT MOTT THE HOOPLE
- ▲ DEEP PURPLE TEN YEARS AFTER ○
- ▲ BTO BAY CITY ROLLERS ■
- ELTON JOHN NEIL DIAMOND ■
- LEO SAYER ALICE COOPER ■▲
- ▲ TULL RICK WAKEMAN ■
- THE WHO LED ZEPPELIN ■●
- BEATLES BLACK SABBATH ■○
- ▲ EL&P STEPHEN TYLER ■
- ▲ PINK FLOYD NEIL YOUNG ○
- DYLAN ROD STEWART ■○●
- JANIS JOPLIN KISS DESTROYER ■
- HENDRIX THREE DOG NIGHT ■
- SWEET ROGER DALTRY ■●
- Z Z TOP TODD RUNDGREN ▲
- BOWIE GENESIS ▲

T-SHIRTS

ONLY \$3.25 PLUS 50¢ POSTAGE & HANDLING

= \$3.75 PER SHIRT Get 4 shirts for \$14.00; Order 19 or more and shirts cost \$2.75 each (postage included); NYS residents add 8% tax

SAME DAY SERVICE for cash or money orders

Allow three weeks for checks

SILK SCREENED designs, not iron-ons that peel and fade
MEN'S SIZES: S-M-L: Assorted Colors
Wholesale and Retail requests welcome

Custom lettering now available-check CATALOG

For a complete listing of all SHIRTS POSTERS & PHOTOS send

25¢ for CATALOG

NEW DESIGNS JEFF BECK - AMBROSIA - STEVE MILLER BAND
MAHOGANY RUSH - HAWKWIND - R.E.O. SPEEDWAGON - JUDAS PRIEST
SUPERTRAMP - HALL & OATS - ROCKY - RUNAWAYS - RICK DERRINGER
BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW - NILS LOFGREN - STARCATTLE - BOB SEGER
AL STEWART plus: LED ZEPPELIN - BLACK SABBATH - THE WHO - TULL
BLUE OYSTER CULT - KISS - LINDA RONSTADT - HENDRIX - JANIS JOPLIN
TED NUGENT - AEROSMITH - RUSH - BTO - McCARTNEY - OUTLAWS - UFO
PINK FLOYD - BOSTON - STARZ - QUEEN - WINGS - HEART - GRAND FUNK
FRAMPTON - BAD COMPANY - MONTROSE - BOZ SCAGGS - BRIAN FERRY
JACKSON BROWNE - THIN LIZZY - BOB MARLEY - STYX - GENESIS - 10CC
TODD RUNDGREN - LYNRYD SKYNYRD - NEIL YOUNG - ROBIN TROWER
BEATLES - PURE PRAIRIE LEAGUE - CLAPTON - Z Z TOP - ELO



NEKTAR - DEAD - JOURNEY - BOWIE
FLEETWOOD MAC - CSN&Y - YES
MONTY PYTHON - TUBES - EL&P
FOGHAT - MOTT THE HOOPLE
EAGLES - DAN FOGELBERG
ANGEL - RETURN TO FOREVER
ZAPPA - DYLAN - ALICE COOPER
NAZARETH - KISS DESTROYER
COCAINE - DEEP PURPLE - BTO
and many more



PHOTOS

8"x10" glossy photos

These professionally taken photos cost only \$1.25 plus 50¢ postage and handling.

Pick any four and pay only \$6.00 (postage included)

INCLUDING

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------|
| LYNRYD SKYNYRD | NEIL DIAMOND |
| PAUL & LINDA McCARTNEY | RINGO STARR |
| BARRY MANILOW | BEE GEES |
| KRIS KRISTOFFERSON | STONES |
| BAY CITY ROLLERS | AMERICA |
| PAUL McCARTNEY | BEACH BOYS |
| FLEETWOOD MAC | JEFF BECK |
| BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN | TED NUGENT |
| JEFFERSON STARSHIP | ROXY MUSIC |
| BAD COMPANY | DAVE MASON |
| ELTON JOHN | PINK FLOYD |
| BEATLES | ELO |
| ROD STEWART | KISS |
| JANIS JOPLIN | JIM PAGE |
| THE WHO | YES |
| FRAMPTON | HENDRIX |
| AEROSMITH | BOWIE |
| BOZ SCAGGS | TUBES |
| ROGER DALTRY | LED ZEPPELIN |
| | HALL & OATS |

CATALOG 25¢

THE T-SHIRT BARN, DEPT 160 SLATE HILL, NEW YORK 10973

Pyramid Power Sweeps The U.S.

Duke Lanfre Grows Rich as His Fad Goes Wild

by Steven Gaines

When Duke Lanfre retired from his bank equipment manufacturing company at the age of 66, he expected to spend his days lazing in the sun at his Glendale, California home or playing golf. Instead, someone gave him a book about the power of the pyramids at his retirement party.

"That's how it all started," said Lanfre, with a wink and a smile, at his Pyramid Products, Inc. plant where he has become the largest manufacturer and distributor of pyramid paraphernalia in the world. Lanfre, now 72, explained proudly, "I started the whole thing. Six years ago nobody was manufacturing them. Now there are pyramids on every block in America."

True. America's in the midst of a pyramid craze, the magical shape that allegedly has a mixture of the powers of Merlin and the NASA scientists. In the same way a violin's shape resonates sound, the shape of the pyramid supposedly reverberates energy. Placing an object under a pyramid, the theory goes, has surprising effects. Allegedly, the pyramid has the power to improve the potency of marijuana and cocaine. It can heal wounds faster and slow the aging process. Possibly best of all, they allegedly sharpen razor blades.

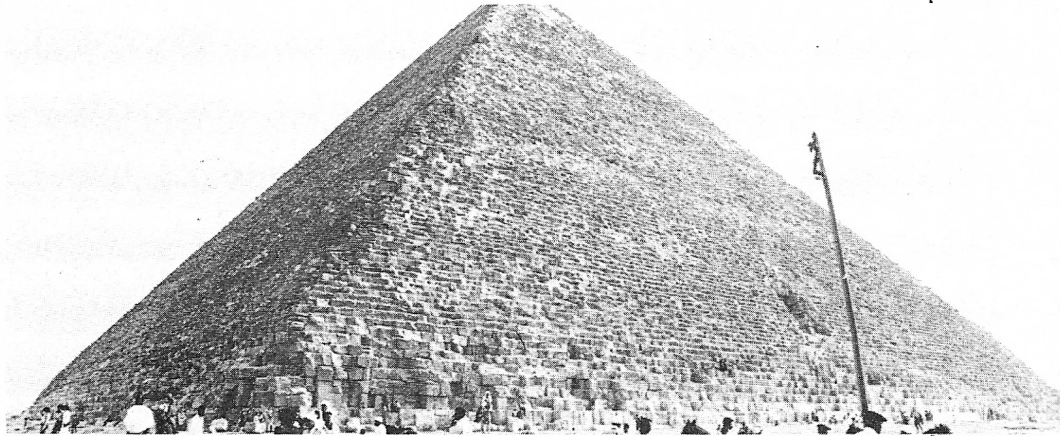
Believe it? Millions do. In the U.S. today, where pyramids are sold in book stores, novelty shops and museums, the fad has reached an estimated \$20 million in sales.

Duke Lanfre went into the manufacturing business before the demand was so great because the first pyramids he built at home didn't work right. "The whole thing about a pyramid is that it has to be built in exactly the right dimensions," Lanfre cautions. "One miscalculation and the whole thing would be off. The dimensions must copy those exactly of the mysterious Cheops Pyramid."

The Cheops is the oldest, largest standing construction known in all mankind. It stands outside of Cairo, Egypt on the Gizeh Plain overlooking the Nile Valley, and there is more solid stone in the Great Pyramid than in all the churches and cathedrals built in England in 1900 years.

Yet nobody seems to know for sure why it was built. The most popular explanation among historians is that the Cheops was a shrine to a God, but there are no altars or icons inside, only a series of empty, connecting

Christopher Makos



The Cheops, Egypt's most mysterious pyramid. Power pyramids must duplicate its exact dimensions.

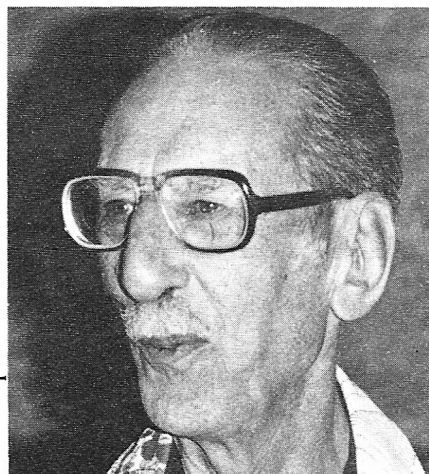
chambers.

Duke Lanfre shares yet another popular explanation. "It was definitely not a burial chamber. It was most likely built as a temple for neophyte priests. The priests spent a night in one of the chambers inside, and after some specified time in the pyramid, he would return to the outside world some kind of a God."

You may not be able to transform yourself into a God with a pyramid, but Lanfre promises that the use of one of his own will improve the quality of your life in many areas. "We have pyramids all over our house. There's one over the bed. Sleeping under it has cut down on the time I need to sleep. I only need about seven hours a night now, and when I awake I feel more relaxed and refreshed. And it certainly works wonders on your sex life. And I'm 72 years old!"

Lanfre's line of pyramid products includes modular tents with vinyl covers, a pyramid pendulum that can be used like a dowsing rod to find lost articles and a full pyramid kit

Duke Lanfre: At 72, he became king of the U.S. pyramid craze.



complete with three 6 inch pyramids and an essay on its powers. You can write for more information from Lanfre at Pyramid Products Inc., Glendale, California, or you can try making one yourself.

Remember, because the pyramid has to be exactly structured, many people do not find the home method suitable, but if you have a good ruler and you're the least bit mechanical, you can make one from cardboard. Also remember that for the pyramid to work, one of the sides has to be aligned directly north to south.

Use the following scale in constructing your pyramid:

HEIGHT	BASE	SIDE
3"	4.71"	4.48"
4"	6.28"	5.98"
5"	7.85"	7.47"
6"	9.42"	8.98"
8"	12.57"	11.96"
10"	15.70"	14.95"
12"	18.85"	17.93"

A Pyramid Experiment You Can Try At Home

Sharpening razor blades and knives with your pyramid takes a long time, but it's the most fascinating and validated of all pyramid experiments. To sharpen razor blades, place the blade on a small platform. Keep it inside for at least one week. After this it may be used for shaving as long as you return it to the pyramid after each shave. Remember, the blade must be returned exactly in the same position each time. Reports are that the quality of the blade will change erratically for the first 60 days. After this, however, the quality will stabilize and remain good for at least 200 shaves.

PLAY-ZZASTORM

THE
1969
Band



RICKY HIRSON

BILL STEWART

GENE DIWIDDIE

GREGG ALLMAN

NEIL LARSEN

JOHN HUG

PRODUCED BY LENNY WARONKER & RUSS TITELMAN ON CAPRICORN RECORDS & TAPES. MACON, GA

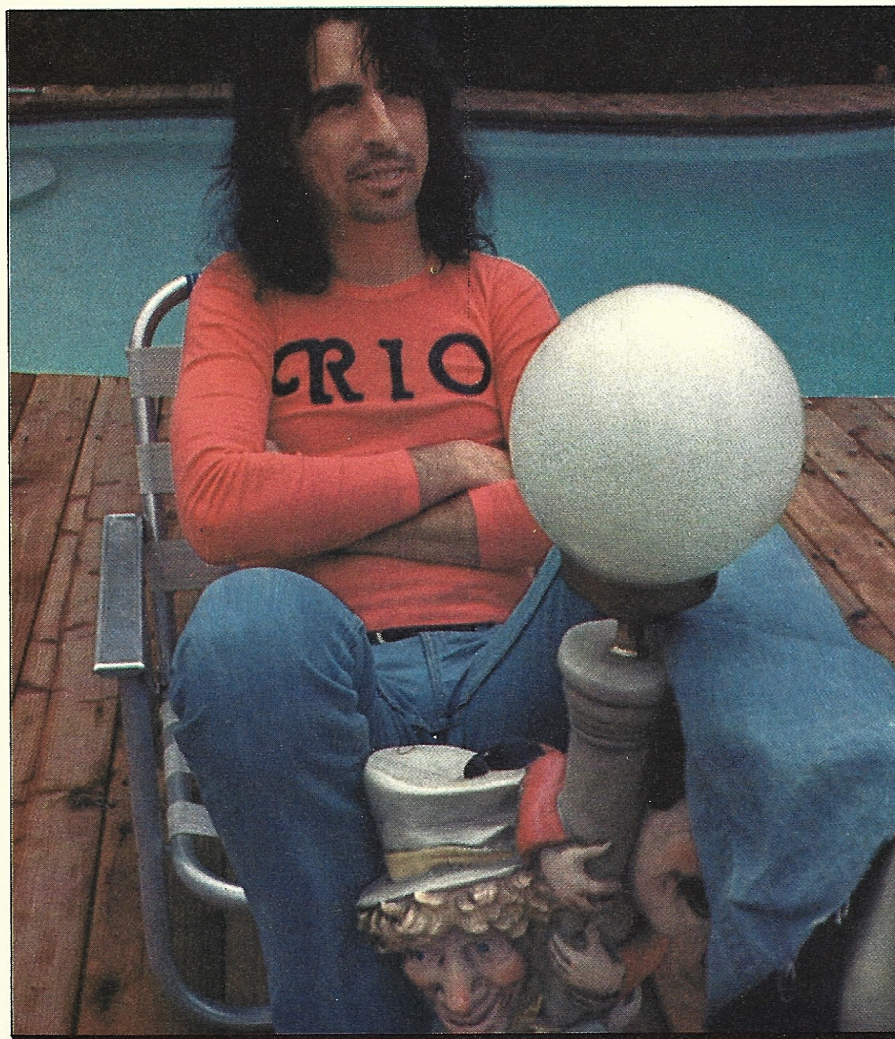


CAPRICORN RECORDS

LONGPLAYERS

Edited by Paul Nelson

"The Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl" x 7 Alice Cooper's "Lace and Whiskey" Dumdum



Alice Cooper as the Forties detective singer is a failed concept.

The Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl (Capitol)

by Lester Bangs

First of all, I was there. You may not have been, which gives me a natural advantage over you in front. Thirteen years ago, I was there, so I can probably make up any kinda lies I want and you'll believe me. But why should I when the truth is so much stranger

than any parodic fantasy I could dream up. Buy this record (as you probably will), then pull out the inner sleeve. Look at the faces of those girls in the Beatles audience circa 1964-65. One has her hands clasped and swoons with eyes closed and head thrown back in an ecstasy at once religious and sexual—the kind that, before the Beatles, you could only obtain at a Holy Roller jamboree, and then you'd probably have to be black. Behind her, a girl is standing up on her tiptoes, her eyes and mouth wider than previous world's

horizons, screaming at the top of her lungs—and this wasn't *Marat/Sade*, this was the *real* Living Theater. Plus which these ritual public outbreaks of mob madness were *worldwide*.

Now take out the record inside the sleeve and play it, and wonder how what you're hearing could possibly have inspired what you're looking at. Reflection will lead you to the conclusion that you'll probably never know, but that if you were there, you were lucky. I don't know myself, and George Martin, the Beatles' producer and the annotator of this album, doesn't either. The key line in his notes is: "It was not just the voice of the Beatles; it was expression of the young people of the world." He then goes on to admit that this record "may be a poor substitute for the reality of those times, but it is now all there is. In the multiplatinum, sophisticated world we live in today, it is difficult to appreciate the excitement of the Beatles breakthrough. My youngest daughter, Lucy, now nine years old, once asked me about them. 'You used to record them, didn't you, Daddy?' she asked me. 'Were they as great as the Bay City Rollers?' 'Probably not,' I replied."

Right. The undertone of intense sadness in those words—because the Beatles can never be replaced, even by the Beatles separately—is fueled by the paradox that the Beatles can and have been replaced. I quote from *TV Guide*, May 21-27, 1977: "It was a big day in the short happy history of the Farrah Phenomenon. The early-morning hours were enlivened by a news item to the effect that two million copies of a Farrah Fawcett-Majors poster had been sold in less than four months . . . thus breaking poster-sales speed records previously held by Fonzie, Marilyn Monroe, and the shark from *Jaws* . . . Nevertheless, the Farrah Phenomenon is in full swing, and no one knows how far it will go or how long it will last. The one acknowledged fact is that no one ever attained this kind of superstardom so fast."

You can see why the individual Beatles have been so screwed up and unproductive or uninspired during the past few years: being replaced as the ideal and love-object of the whole world by a sex kitten is bad enough, but can you imagine being replaced by a *shark*? People will find something they can love en masse in one way or another, but, like Martin says, the real magic of those times was not that so many did love but the *quality* of their love, a certain ping in the heart which might not look like much if you weren't there but which resonated louder than any firecrackers the Bay City Rollers will ever set off, although their fans may scream with equal insistence. That ping cannot be recaptured because it didn't come out of a guitar, it came out of a vast mutual moment, which is why this record may be sort of fun but is ultimately useless even as nostalgia. The only clues left are

not even in the music, but in the between-song banter. John says: "We'd like to do a song now from the first film we made. It was in black and—'SCREEEEEEEEEEEM!'—white." He regains his composure and seems to be laughing inwardly at some private meaning of the words he is saying: "Yeah, one was black an' white . . . an' one was culled. . . ."

The magic of the Beatles was the meaning we all found in just such irrelevancies as that, rather than any music from this album to *Sergeant Pepper*. It was the code to a private, yet internationally shared, universe that could never be explained to any outsider from generations on either side, because it'd be like trying to tell a stranger about rock & roll. If that little bit of banter of John's means nothing to you—well, sorry, but you missed the Beatles. If, on the other hand, hearing him say it triggers vistas, then you and I have a secret we can share, a secret from all of the other people who have ever lived in human history, and that includes Jesus Christ.

Lace and Whiskey—Alice Cooper (Warner Bros.)

by Mitchell Schneider

What's green, red, and moaning in the corner? Alice Cooper eating razor blades.

That's, of course, a reworking of a

dead-baby joke, once the source of Alice Cooper's joyfully repellent visions. Yeah, Alice was a guy you really could relate to. The type who'd order a side of MSG in a health-food restaurant, or walk into a Pathmark and head straight for the pantyhose. Alice single-handedly changed social values, too. Like I now can walk through my neighborhood with smeared mascara, cha-cha heels, and a rattlesnake entwined around my hairy legs without getting mauled by the North Bronx greasers—all aspiring Rockys who, I remember, lined up enthusiastically for Alice's shows at Madison Square Garden.

To some, Alice was unredeemingly silly, but what the hell, I knew better. His silliness was steered by conviction, fanatical excess, and sheer audacity. Okay, kids, out of the straitjackets and into the streets. "School's Out" and "Elected"—the most driven anthems of nonsense ever to hit Top 40—were Alvin & the Chipmunks in the back of the bus sniffin' glue, and they sounded just great. All right, so maybe *Welcome to My Nightmare* as a television special rotted (trying to capture Alice on a Magnavox was like trying to squeeze an iguana into a jar, but the LP's catchy hymns of abandon ("Escape"), necrophilia ("Cold Ethyl"), and fascism ("Department of Youth") were hilariously irresistible. Sort of like hearing farts from the back of the classroom.

Tumors, however, budded on *Alice Cooper Goes to Hell*—the overworked

concept and altogether forgettable material suggested creative bankruptcy—and, unfortunately, they're fully grown on *Lace and Whiskey*. The best we could hope for was a Kunta Kinte parody. Early reports from Alice indicated that he was to portray a Forties detective, and, true, he does—in the album's packaging. But in the grooves, we find, among other unrelated things, a retraction from one of rock's heroes of dementia:

*In all that music
I hate those lyrics . . .
and I swear to you
I never wrote that song.*

Has to be a joke, I figured (these Sybil-inspired lyrics from the lushly produced MOR ballad, "I Never Wrote Those Songs"), despite what Cooper has been telling interviewers about his identity crisis with the character, "Alice." Yet *Lace and Whiskey* begs to be taken seriously, and, in fact, avoids Alice's comically macabre posturings. "My God" is his entry into the art-rock sweepstakes, complete with the California Boys' Choir and a Strawbs-type intro. "(No More) Love at Your Convenience," heftily decked out in Roots vocals, is Alice's first disco attempt. "King of the Silver Screen," clearly influenced by *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, evinces Cooper's fondness for campy nostalgia. And "You and Me," another slick MOR ballad apparently designed for the Barry Manilow/varicose-veins set, spells out Alice's earthiness: "You and me ain't no movie star/What we are is what we are." Of the three heavy-metal rockers, only one approaches Alice's runaway mania—"Road Rats" is double-fisted rock & roll, boosted by Steve Hunter and Dick Wagner's searing guitar work.

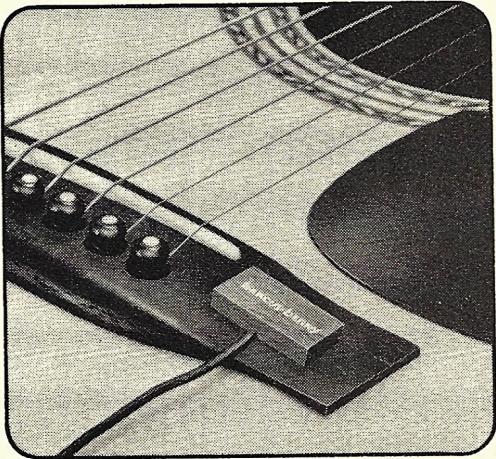
Lace and Whiskey rings false, not only because its ideas probably originated from Alice's urinary tract (too much beer, I suppose), but because its conservatism is unfeeling. Honest, you might as well listen to the bubbly Abba or, for that matter, a blissed-out Wayne Newton. Even Alice's snarls on "Road Rats" are cautious and reserved—he sounds less cool than out of it. And his parody of a Hollywood starlet ("King of the Silver Screen") is oddly limp.

There is also something very awkward about this record. It's probably the fact that Alice, who could care less, is badly upstaged by Bob Ezrin's extravagant (read, predictable) production and the session musicians he's played with since *Nightmare*. On "It's Hot Tonight," Cooper sings dispassionately beside rip-roaring chords and prowling rhythm, and "(No More) Love at Your Convenience" is carried entirely by the exuberant soul sisters. Finally, it hits you: Here's an album that Alice worked on between holes on the golf course.

As a pop-culture hero, Alice Cooper has decided—as David Bowie, Mick Jagger, Genghis Khan, and God did,—

GUUITAR

Looking for a Natural Sound?



You just found it!!

... a Barcus-Berry transducer.
Not just another pickup... **IT WORKS!**

For detailed information and prices, write to:

BARCUS-BERRY SALES CORP.
5782 East Second St. • Long Beach, Calif. 90803

to conquer new territory. I wish him luck on his upcoming movies (*Sextette*, *Breakfast of Champions*), but I also wish that he'd stop wasting our time and his on vinyl. Alice used to be fun. He made the tacky and the disgusting, uh, *glamorous*. No Iggy Pop desperation. No David Bowie doomsday. Just fun. "*Lace and Whiskey* expands my style," Alice seems to be saying. Not true: this album only dilutes it.

The Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl (Capitol)

by Bruce Malamut

I don't really know when the music died. But let me put it *this way*—upon scrutinizing this LP, the first thing that struck me were the tickets on the album cover. Four bucks! For orchestra seats to see the Beatles! But then, that was 13 years ago. Nowadays, that wouldn't cover the refreshments.

Frankly, I felt somewhat queasy that this was what took me back. But it's like watching a videotape of yourself climbing the jungle gym in kindergarten and attempting some kind of serious or profound critical analysis. Bullshit.

I saw the Beatles in 1964 at the Atlantic City Convention Hall one week after we saw the Rolling Stones (plus Sam the Sham, the Tradewinds, and the McCoys) at the Steel Pier. There were the same girls who came down from Philly to the Shore every summer to see their heroes and to scream.

And it was great—nonstop dronema. Eno and all the rest of today's avant-garde couldn't have expressed it better. ("Paul!!!!")

The whole thing—especially the screaming—is captured on live wax for the first time (unbelievable when you think about it) on *The Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl*. It's like being aware of static on the TV while listening to music—an unaccountable alien force buzzing in the background, monotone and thus strangely unexciting: *just there*. I hate to make a modern-daze cross reference, but it does remind me of what the Ramones can do musically *without* any teeny screamers.

For all of this record's mythology, I can't help but get the feeling that the Fab Four are (by this point, had begun) playing by rote. None of the wit of the Hamburg sessions or even the spirit of the first few studio albums pervades this outing. Ironically, *Hollywood Bowl* is boring to listen to, even though George Martin has doctored it for stereophonic sound, etc. For all I know, maybe that's what's sapped it of any vitality.

But I'm sure that the reason why the Stones' *Got LIVE If You Want It!* is so arresting is because the recording was so bush. You can't hear a thing. The crowd's crescendos ebb and flow naturally, *insanely*, and you miss a shitload of Watts' drum licks, but *that*, as Glyn Johns and Andrew Loog Old-

HEART

A FAIRY TALE COME TRUE.



HEART'S NEW ALBUM IS
"LITTLE QUEEN."
ON *Portrait*™ RECORDS AND TAPES.

Produced by Mike Flicker.

Portrait is a trademark of CBS Inc.

Management by Ken Kinnear, Albatross Management, Inc.

© 1977 CBS INC.

ham fully appreciated, was *not* the point. That's the real difference between the Beatles and the Stones. The former stopped playing live (to all intents) before the era of the scaled-down Seventies, whereas the latter kept on playing into the days when audiences actually stopped to look and listen (maybe the Stones' hubris and, ultimately, their fatal flaw).

The McLuhanesque implications of this theory, combined with my gut feelings about this album, are frightening. In short, such a notion suggests that, because of their premature insularity by the mid-Sixties, the Beatles may well have had the vision of Seventies rock-by-rote some 10 years before its gruesome fashion. Truly, this is the decade of the Eagles and Jimmy Carter: less-is-more and small-is-beautiful. Softer and more serene. Whatever it is, I wouldn't describe it as vital. Eerily, neither is *The Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl*.

The Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl (Capitol)

by Wesley Strick

I've been a functional hetero since puberty, but in fifth grade I kept a picture of Paul McCartney under my pillow. It was a garish color photo clipped out of a fanzine, and I regularly kissed it goodnight. In the most lavish compliment ever proffered, my friend Wendy from P.S. 6 assured me that I looked like Paul. I spent hours in front of the mirror practicing Paul's stiff-upper-lip grin and quizzical right eyebrow. My father told my mother: "He's going to have to start training his hair soon." I never did. The first time I heard "I Want to Hold Your Hand" was under the covers in my sister's bed. See, we shared one cheap transistor radio.

Sightseeing in London, I kept an eye peeled for the famous mop-tops. On returning to the States, I told my new friends that I was British. Some still believe this. Although I didn't know the term "cover version" then, there were too many of them on *The Beatles' Second Album*. I didn't understand the pun in the title, *In His Own Write*. I thought that Paul should have had a bigger role in *A Hard Day's Night*. Bigger than Ringo's, at least.

When I tried to buy *Something New*, the record dealer sold me the Merseybeat Strings. I remember the Vox amps on the sleeve of the "I Feel Fine" single. I remember strumming "Help!" on the guitar in the key of G and being stumped by the second chord (after G). It turned out to be B minor. I remember how Ed Sullivan always saved the Beatles for the last five minutes.

A girl on the subway said that *Rubber Soul* was a collection of the Beatles' "soul" songs. I didn't know what "soul" was then. In the cover photo, the Beatles had matured and grown their hair. John's did a little flip. I didn't

yet know the word "dissolute."

The clerk who sold me "Paperback Writer" smirkingly suggested that the Beatles "could fart and sell a million copies." I steamed off my *Yesterday* . . . and *Today* cover and found soggy cardboard. Someone said that a Yellow Submarine was a barbiturate capsule. I played "She Said She Said" for the rest of August until school started. I played "Eleanor Rigby" for my mother. A kid convinced me that John was singing, "Baby, you're a rich, fat Jew." Murray the K read lyrics to *Sergeant Pepper* over the radio, and my father objected: "That's not poetry." I thought "Hey Jude" was "Hey Jew."

Allison Steele premiered the White Album two long weeks before its release, and Eric taped it off his father's K.L.H. We learned how to play "Blackbird." I put on "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da" and circled around the living-room rug until I'd worked up the nerve to call Debbi for a date. She wasn't home. I snuck into a once-in-lifetime screening of *Magical Mystery Tour* at Columbia University. Paul was really barefoot on *Abbey Road*. Goodnight, Paul.

Let It Be was a drag, especially "I Me Mine." When I took purple double-dome acid, the Beatles failed to materialize. There was a story in *The New Yorker* about a young, unglued marriage. The story was called "The Girl Who Sang with the Beatles." I never believed that the Beatles would reunite. I didn't care about the Ringo record that supposedly reunited them.

Because, all along, it had never been the Beatles whom I'd loved, it was the Nurk Twins. The Nurk Twins were sheer magic.

The Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl (Capitol)

by Michael Bloom

What impresses me most about this collection is a level of humility that's never seen today. For instance, you can hear McCartney, unable to squeeze out a stage rap through the screams, bemusedly shouts, "Can you hear me?" The screams get louder, and he is so embarrassed that he gawks his way through the introduction. The Beatles simply could not believe that they were entitled to that much adoration. Nowadays, the early assumption by up-and-comers of the Personality of a star seems an absolute prerequisite for becoming one, and so the Bay City Rollers take this same treatment as their due.

Obviously, this set sounds clammy to modern ears. When these songs were played a dozen years ago, the standard of performance in rock & roll was measured by walking basses, straightforward backbeats, and a handful of cheesy rockabilly or R&B guitar licks. The Beatles—as heirs to Chuck Berry, Elvis Presley, and Phil Spector (I

doubt that they'd had time to absorb what Brian Wilson was doing with the Beach Boys)—had only to learn to play just well enough to get those riffs across to their audience.

In fact, with the exception of Harrison, what the Fab Four added to contemporary pop wasn't an increment of skill but that edge of desperation/enthusiasm that's attributed to punk-rock today. As singers, Lennon and McCartney imitated the R&B standard-bearers, but with a whoop instead of a moan. Starr was barely enough drummer to keep the rhythm, but he'd learned from the Germans how to make his ride cymbal sound like a giant buzz saw. Only Harrison was what critical listeners could call tasteful, and that's because he was too studious about his Bill Haley re-creations. Not that he didn't fit in—his "Roll Over Beethoven" is rebellious enough for fun.

Nowadays, any progressive player or jazzman can play with ease at four times the speed of the eighth notes with which the Beatles struggled. And now that listeners have learned to hear at this level, the early stuff sounds moribund. The present-day punks who have tried to reclaim this Sixties enthusiasm by resurrecting limited competence as a style are finding that you can't go home again. Indeed, it is dubious whether one can even grasp the brightness of the Beatles' original appearances unless one was there to feel it.

Izitso—Cat Stevens (A&M)

by Paul Nelson

Cat Stevens wasn't always such a turkey. I have to keep telling myself that as I listen to last year's disastrous *Numbers* and the current cropper, *Izitso*. How can the man who was once capable of *Tea for the Tillerman* (still an LP that I like very much) suddenly have lost it all? I wish I knew. Stevens' recent songs are surely the dumbest in rock & roll, and most of his lyrics are even worse than that. Lately, he sets new standards—all of them regrettably lower. Something let the air out of his balloon years ago, but he continues to record sumptuously packaged and expensive non-albums as if he were still alive artistically. I hate to be the one to tell him, but—

Actually, if one wants to split hairs at this ludicrous level, "(I Never Wanted) to Be a Star" and "Child for a Day" are better than anything on *Numbers*. That's about all they're better than, though.

The Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl (Capitol)

by Fred Schruers

The screaming I didn't need to hear documented, because I heard it then.

Some people remember shaking hands with Roosevelt or hearing the Kaiser fart, but in the late summer of 1964, I was gripping a low chain-link fence that ran along the turf at Suffolk Downs race track in Boston. And I was listening to those screams in living duodeca-phonic sound.

And right there, across the turf, behind another fence, and high atop a platform in the infield, were the Beatles. They kicked about the stage with evident ardor, mouths open and hands strumming, but the mammoth PAs that flanked them produced very few noises louder than the endlessly rewinding peals that rose from the little sirens packed around me. I think that the end of the band's six-tiered wail on "Twist and Shout" was the first and last music I heard.

Pressed to the fence at the epicenter of the available sight lines (a post I had gained by getting there well before lead-in act Bobby Hebb appeared), I kept waiting to be crushed into Gainesburgers. But those same screaming girls (most boys maintained a Fonziean aloofness) formed a human accordion that spread the crowd's surges outward.

There were six mounted policemen patrolling the turf moat that lay between us and the Beatles. But a man—or at least a driven, stringy 16-year-old with an aluminum comb in his pocket—can outrace a horse in a short stretch, and one guy made his move when all of the horses were involved in a bizarre game of tag with people who had already hopped the fence. This guy skinned across the track, veered past a mount that pounded down on him, and jumped over a fence and two cops to crab-claw onto the stage. Totally winded, he bumbled through the band, laying hands on each, and gave himself up to a brusque collaring. The Beatles, in their dippy velveteen-trimmed suits, just kept rocking.

So this is what they played, huh? Very nice. I've always found John Lennon to be the most ballsy and believable Beatle, and his little sardonic inflections, when he speaks into the howl at the Bowl, show the kind of pained awareness that made him a specimen conscience for an era. Paul McCartney's bass playing and crooning, George Harrison's lead guitar work, and most of the harmonies are amazingly adept.

Still, after listening twice to a new import (*The Beatles Live at the Star Club, 1962*) I wonder if the German record isn't more interesting than *The Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl*. The sound on the import is awful, the band's playing shaky and busy, but as the boys whoop it up in that Hamburg cave, one has an itchy, suffocating feeling of vertigo. What they're about to tumble into! If the Hollywood Bowl recording encapsulates the exuberance of puberty, the Star Club LP captures its dazzle and melodrama. Both of these albums show how it was—and

how it could never be again. And they offer final proof that the idea of a Beatles reunion is just some swinish promoter's folly.

The Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl (Capitol)

by Robert Smith

I didn't think that this album would sound as good as it does, that the Beatles could sustain the excitement a dozen years later, or that my palate wouldn't be too jaded to respond healthily. While some of the songs don't move me at all ("Boys," "Can't Buy Me Love," "All My Loving"), most of the others send intermittent chills of re-affirmation through me. "A Hard Day's Night," "Dizzy Miss Lizzie," "She Loves You," "Long Tall Sally"—all have elements of controlled frenzy and organized chaos that I used to find a little jarring but can applaud and enjoy today.

Their playing and singing is appealing and more polished than I expected of such "primitive" stuff. Even without stage monitors and standing in front of the screaming hordes, they pull it off smoothly—and shock my memories of four unassuming, unfinished performers. The Bay City Rollers are a puny, insufficient surrogate, and, of the New Wave acts, only Television approximate the "attack" and artists' dedication that permeates these Beatles performances.

And, to be fair, the quality of screaming has gone way down these past 12 years. Whoever heard of screeching for Jimmy Page?

The Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl (Capitol)

by Paul Nelson

When all is said and done, *The Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl* might be a great record without ever having been a good one. Or vice versa. If it does nothing else, it reaffirms the primal powers of passion, simplicity, and wonder—qualities which are usually lost during the inevitable and necessary growth of individuals and genres.

But there's nothing like first love, is there?

We were all Jay Gatsbys then, but, although risks were taken, *everything worked*. You and Daisy were a three-chord rock & roll song to which nothing could be added: no improvements were possible. On this album, "Dizzy Miss Lizzie" is like that: as real and as perfect as the past.

And just as unattainable? Oh, I doubt that. Not unless we manage to dismiss every bit of magic that we've ever been given. I don't think that's possible in rock & roll. We're not that dumb yet, are we? Silly maybe—but there's quite a difference.

SUPER GIANT ROCK 'N' ROLL PACK

YOUR RAINBOW GLITTER PACK INCLUDES 7 ITEMS



ROCK STAR T-SHIRT

PRISM JEWELRY



NECKLACE PENDANT



KEY CHAIN



FULL SIZE POSTER



BUCKLE

Plus: Photo Badge and Glitter Decal

PICK YOUR FAVORITE ROCK STAR OR COMBINE GROUPS

- | | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|------------------------|
| 01- Beatles | 11- The Who | 21- Elvis |
| 02- Kiss | 12- Chicago | 22- Stevie Wonder |
| 03- Grateful Dead | 13- Fleetwood Mac | 23- Marshall Tucker |
| 04- Wings | 14- Eagles | 24- Yes |
| 05- Elton John | 15- Alice Cooper | 25- Aerosmith |
| 06- Stones | 16- Lynyrd Skynyrd | 26- Beach Boys |
| 07- Led Zepplin | 17- Genesis | 27- Boston |
| 08- Frampton | 18- Jethro Tull | 28- Jefferson Starship |
| 09- Bowie | 19- Black Sabbath | 29- Bad Company |
| 10- Pink Floyd | 20- Jimi Hendrix | 30- Queen |

Mail to: YOUTH CONCEPTS

P.O. Box 118C, River Edge, N. J. 07661

Enclosed is my check or money order for \$ (\$10.95 + \$1.25 postage & handling) Additional Packs \$9.95 including postage.

Check here ☐ if complete package of one star is desired: STAR: Code

T-Shirt: Color

Circle size: S M L XL

Your Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Extra glitter T-Shirts only \$3.00 indicate code, color, size.

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR COMBINING STARS: Use separate paper. List each item and indicate star's name and code number. For T-shirt indicate color and size.

Allow 3-4 weeks delivery. N.J. residents add 5% sales tax.

CONCERT GUIDE

HARRY CHAPIN (Elektra)

7/12-24, N.Y. — Melody Fair, North Tanwanda
7/31, Ct. — Oakdale Music Theatre, Wallingford

COMMODORES (Motown)

7/14, Oh. — Danton
7/15, N.Y. — Buffalo
7/16, Pa. — Philadelphia
7/20-21, Ma. — Boston
7/23, R.I. — Providence
7/24, Ct. — Hartford
7/27, Mi. — Saginaw
7/28, Oh. — Toledo
7/29, In. — Indianapolis
7/30, Wi. — Milwaukee
7/31, In. — Gary

ALICE COOPER (WB)

7/10, N.M. — Tingley Coliseum, Albuquerque
7/22, Me. — Portland
7/23, Ma. — Boston
7/24, R.I. — Providence
7/28, Wi. — Daine County Coliseum, Madison
7/29, Neb. — Civic Auditorium, Omaha
7/30, Mo. — Kemper Arena, Kansas City
7/31, Ks. — Henry Levitt Arena, Wichita

EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER (Atlantic)

7/12-13, Ma. — Gardens, Boston
7/14, R.I. — Civic Center, Providence
7/17, Oh. — Brown Stadium, Cleveland
7/20-21, Md. — Civic Center, Baltimore
7/27, Alta. — The Corral, Calgary
7/29, B.C. — National Pacific Conference Center, Vancouver
7/31, Wa. — Coliseum, Seattle

FLASH CADILLAC (Private Stock)

7/26, Ia. — Surf Ballroom, Clear Lake
7/29, Ia. — State Fair, West Liberty

PETER FRAMPTON (A&M)

7/12-13, Nev. — Alladin, Las Vegas
7/15, Ut. — Salt Palace, Salt Lake City
7/17, Co. — Mile High Stadium, Denver
7/19, N.M. — State University, Albuquerque
7/22, Tx. — Tarrant County Convention Center, Ft. Worth
7/24, La. — City Park, New Orleans
7/26, Tx. — Coliseum, Houston
7/29, Ok. — Myriad, Oklahoma
7/31, Ks. — Arrowhead, Kansas City

KISS (Casablanca)

7/12, Que. — Forum, Montreal
7/14, Ont. — Civic Center, Ottawa
7/15, Ont. — Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto

7/16, Ont. — Kitchener Auditorium, Kitchener
7/18, Ont. — Gardens, London
7/19, Ont. — Arena, Sudbury
7/21, Man. — Arena, Winnipeg
7/24, B.C. — Coliseum, Vancouver
7/25, B.C. — Arena, Victoria
7/27, Alta. — Coliseum, Edmonton
7/28, Alta. — Sportsplex, Lethbridge
7/31, Alta. — Stampede Corral, Calgary

LED ZEPPELIN (Swan Song)

7/20, Az. — Activities Center, Tempe
7/23-24, Ca. — Coliseum, Oakland
7/30, La. — Superdome, New Orleans

GORDON LIGHTFOOT (Reprise)

7/14-20, Nev. — MGM Grand Hotel, Las Vegas
7/29, Alta. — Edmonton
7/30, Sask. — Regina
7/31, Mt. — Great Falls

KENNY LOGGINS (Columbia)

7/12-13, Md. — Capitol Center, Largo
7/18-21, Mo. — Independence
7/23-24, Ill. — Soldiers Field, Chicago
7/28-29, Ca. — Amphitheatre, Universal City

TED NUGENT (Epic)

7/10, Ill. — Soldiers Field, Chicago
7/29, Tx. — Houston
7/30, Tx. — Cotton Bowl, Dallas
7/31, Ok. — Tulsa

LEON REDBONE (WB)

7/20, Va. — Wolftrap, Vienna

BOZ SCAGGS (Columbia)

7/12-14, N.Y. — Avery Fisher Hall, New York City
7/16-17, Ma. — Music Hall, Boston
7/18, D.C. — Capitol Center, Washington

SEALS & CROFTS (WB)

7/10, Oh. — Columbus
7/13, N.Y. — Shaefer Festival, New York City
7/15, N.Y. — New York City
7/16, Pa. — Philadelphia
7/30, N.J. — Great Adventure Park, Jackson

SPINNERS (Atlantic)

7/13-16, Ca. — Greek Theatre, Los Angeles
7/29, Wi. — Festival, Milwaukee
7/31, N.Y. — Melody Fair, North Tonawanda

WILD CHERRY (Epic)

7/16, Tx. — Houston
7/23, Oh. — Cincinnati
7/29, Wi. — Milwaukee

TOP 20

The Circus Magazine Top Twenty Poll is compiled from thousands of ballots sent each week by serious rock listeners and readers. The numbers in grey represent fast-moving LP's; the number in parenthesis is last issue's position.



(1) Kiss/Rock and Roll Over



(2) Queen/A Day at the Races

3 (8) Angel/On Earth as it is in Heaven

4 (3) Boston/Boston

5 (5) Led Zeppelin/The Song Remains the Same

6 (4) Kansas/Left Overture

7 (6) Pink Floyd/Animals

8 (11) Fleetwood Mac/Rumours

9 (7) Rush/All the World's a Stage

10 (9) Starz/Violation

11 (14) Eagles/Hotel California

12 (—) Genesis/Wind and Wuthering

13 (12) David Bowie/Low

14 (17) Bad Company/Burning Sky

15 (10) ELP/Works, Vol. I

16 (19) Jethro Tull/Songs from the Wood

17 (18) Runaways/Queens of Noise

18 (15) ELO/A New World's Record

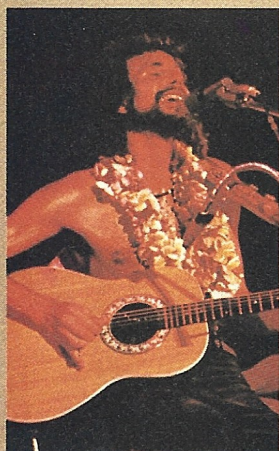
19 (—) Iggy Pop/The Idiot

20 (—) Foreigner/Foreigner

Fill out the ballot with the names of three LPs released within four months of this issue's cover date. Mail to: Circus Top 20, 747 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

1	_____
2	_____
3	_____
Mr./Ms.	Age _____
PLEASE PRINT	
Address _____	
City _____	State _____ Zip _____

Cat Stevens plays the only acoustic guitar with six separate pickups.



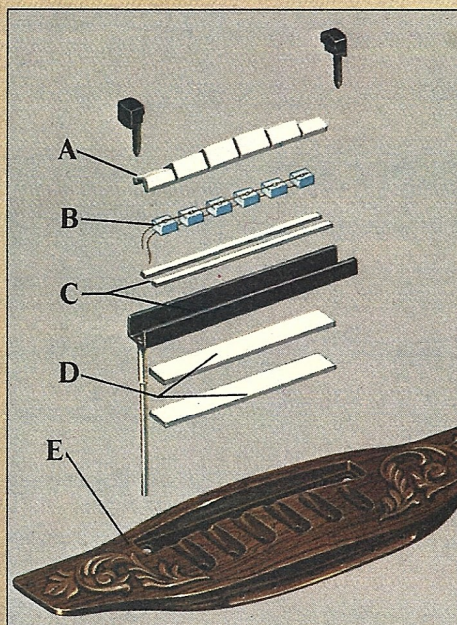
Acoustic guitar sound is a combination of two things: string vibration and top vibration. The vibrations of a moving string are transmitted through the bridge to "drive" the top.

Top vibration then pumps the air inside the guitar body to amplify and project the tones produced by the strings.

To get the most accurate sound, an acoustic electric pickup must amplify both top

and string vibration. Only the Ovation acoustic electric pickup system is engineered to capture and reproduce both, with 12 db less feedback.

Built-in, not added on.



Ovation's Exclusive Pickup System:
A — Individual saddles. B — Piezoelectric crystals, one per string.
C — Crystal encasement.
D — Removable shims.
E — Walnut or rosewood bridge.



Other guitars use a single pickup stuck on the top or added at the sound hole. The Ovation built-in system places six piezoelectric crystals in the bridge, one under each string saddle.

These six individual transducers

provide distortion-free conversion of string vibration into electrical impulses. And locating the pickups in the bridge provides reproduction of all top vibration. Maximum string vibration and maximum top vibration: all captured and clearly reproduced.

This pickup is one reason Cat Stevens uses Ovation exclusively, in performance and for recording.

For a catalog of Ovation acoustic electric and acoustic guitars, send us \$1.00 to cover postage and handling. Enclose an additional 50¢ for a Cat Stevens poster.

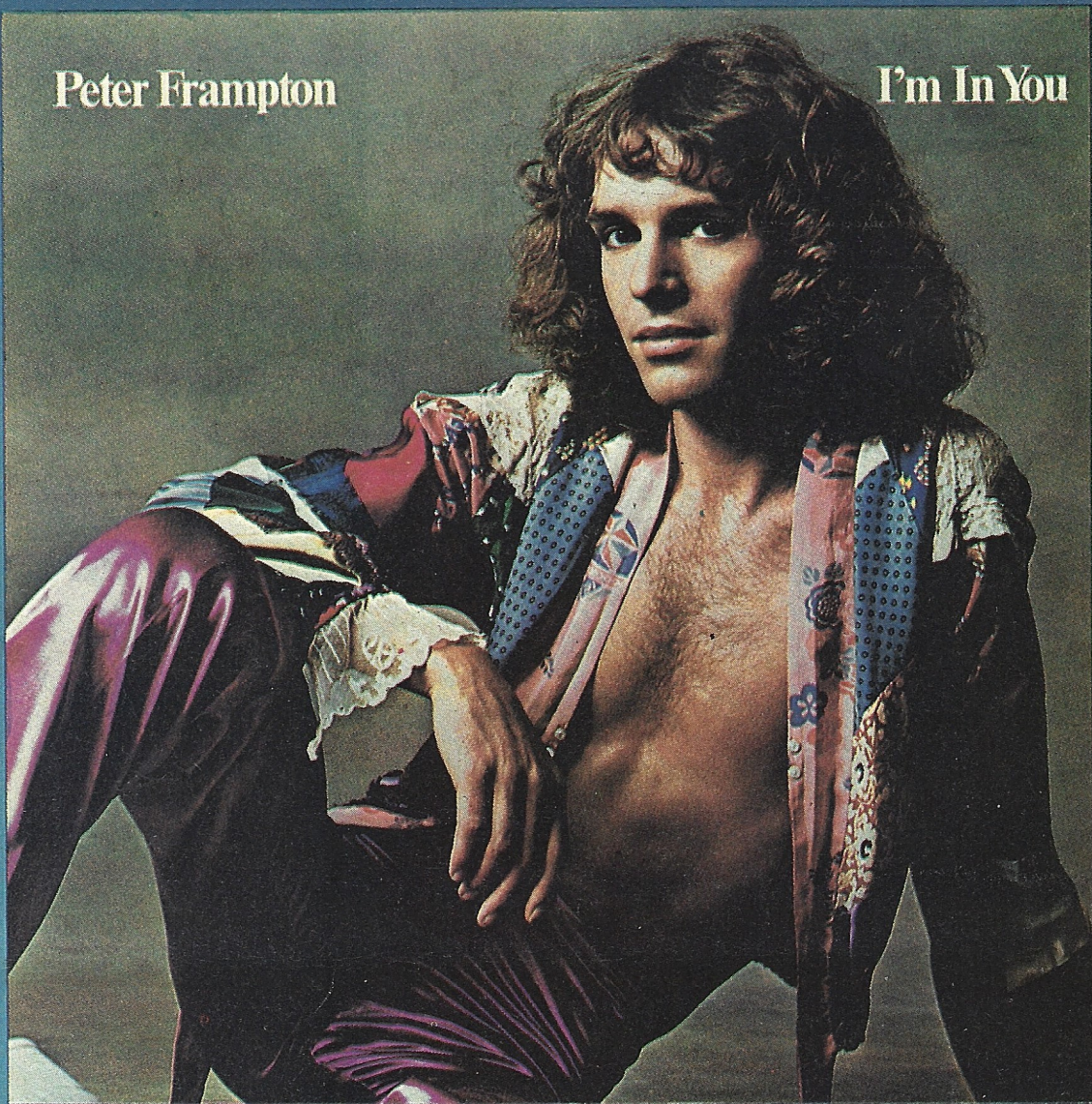
Write to: Ovation Instruments Inc., Dept. CI, New Hartford, CT 06057.

Ovation

Acoustic/Electrics

Peter Frampton

I'm In You



© 1977 Bandana Music Inc.

*I'm in you
Peter Frampton*

PRODUCED BY PETER FRAMPTON
DIRECTION: DEE ANTHONY/BANDANA ENTERPRISES, LTD.



On A&M Records and Tapes